

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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Billy the Blacksmith

Or, FROM ANVIL TO FORTUNE

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Billy Blake and Others.

"What are you doing, Billy?" asked Dick Hudson, walking into John Hooley's blacksmith shop where his particular friend, Billy Blake, was employed as chief helper to the owner.

"I'm tempering these pieces of steel for Judson, up the road," replied Billy, in his customary cheerful way, "and when I get that job done I have to file them down to a dull-pointed end."

As he spoke, Billy pulled one of the steel pieces out of the forge fire and thrust it, hissing, into a tub of water. The shop was situated on the outskirts of the bustling town of Davenport, and was divided from Hooley's cottage by a vegetable garden. Billy Blake was understood to be a distant relative of Hooley's—adopted by the blacksmith when he was too young to remember anything about his real parents. As Hooley had been a blacksmith all his life, it was natural that he should teach the trade to Billy. The boy got his first insight into the business at odd times while attending school, and put in the greater part of his vacations around the forge. He was now eighteen and a good, practical workman.

In fact, he did nearly all the work of the shop, for Hooley had fallen into the bad habit of spending most of his time, to the neglect of his business, at a near-by dram-shop, where he posed as a champion of the common people, putting up a constant howl about the inequality of the established order of things. Not being very well educated, there was more hot air than argument in his outbursts against rich men and the rapacity of the trusts. Dick Hudson lived with his parents in the cottage next door to Hooley, and he spent a good part of his leisure time with Billy. On the day our story opens he had been fishing, and when he entered the blacksmith shop he had two dozen fair-sized fish dangling from a cord he carried in his hand.

"What is Judson going to make with those pieces of steel?" he asked.

"How do I know? I didn't ask him."

"You do quite a bit of blacksmith work for him. He must be making some kind of a machine in his house."

"I don't know of any law against him spending his time that way if he wants to."

"Maybe he's an inventor."

"Maybe he is. He must have money, or an income, for he doesn't do any regular work. I've heard that he hangs around Bogan's, where you can place money in wagers."

"There's going to be a race meeting at the track here shortly."

"So the posters around town say."

"The paper said last evening that some of the fastest horses in the business will be brought here to attend it."

"Then it's sure to be a success. It will bring a bunch of strangers into town—mostly people who follow the sport about the country, and make the blacksmith's business good."

"The Carters ought to enter Black Bess in one of the running events. The mare can go some. I think she'd stand a good show of winning."

"The animal belongs to Bess Carter, and she might not care to race her pet. You see, if she did, she'd have to secure a reliable jockey. If she only ran Black Bess in one race, she'd have to borrow a jockey from somebody. Then she could hardly depend on a stranger. If the mare won the first heat in good style, the fellow might be tampered with and paid to lose the other heats. I've heard that there is a lot of crooked work about horse racing, and the owner of a good racehorse entered at a meet has got to be continually on the watch to insure himself a fair show."

"I guess Miss Carter wouldn't make anything by running her animal."

"That's my opinion, particularly as Black Bess is only used to being ridden by Miss Bessie herself. With a stranger on her back, she might cut up and spoil all her chances of winning."

"That's right. I never thought of that," said Dick, with a nod.

At that moment a roughly dressed man, with a wooden leg, entered the shop by the back door. He was an ex-sea captain, named Ezra Gale, and Mrs. Hooley was his sister. He lived at the cottage and put in his time in various ways, chiefly in the vegetable garden, but was always ready to lend Billy a hand if he was around, for he and the boy were on the best of terms.

"Hello, cap'n" said Dick.

"Howdy do young man!" replied the mariner, in a foghorn voice.

The captain had a long-stemmed Dutch pipe in his mouth which was his constant companion. About the only time it was not in his mouth was when he was in bed.

"How does the wind blow, cap'n?" grinned Dick.

"West-sou'-west-by-half-west," replied the skipper without the least hesitation.

"I didn't notice that there was any wind," said Dick.

"When the wind blows from that quarter, it's a sort of zephyr—you've got to wet your finger and hold it up to feel it," said Gale. "What are you making, now, Billy—something for yourself?"

"No; these pieces of steel were brought here by Judson to be tempered and then filed. Here, don't handle that one; it's hot."

The captain pointed to another.

"Can I look at that one?" he said.

"Yes. I haven't had that in the forge yet."

"What's Judson going to do with these things?" asked the captain, after he had examined the pieces of steel.

"You've got me, cap'n," said Billy. "He's making something that they are a part of."

"Hum! I saw the expressman deliver a hand-lathe at his house yesterday, and the day before he left a box that contained something so heavy that it was all he could do to carry it into the cottage. I asked him what it was, but he didn't know. He said it came from Chicago by express."

"I saw some packages addressed to him at the express office two weeks ago," said Dick. "He is surely making some kind of a machine. I'd give something to know what it is. Maybe it's some invention that he'll make a raft of money out of when he gets it finished."

"He may make a lot of money out of the idea, but not out of a single machine," said Billy. "He is probably making a working model to have patented."

"Been fishing, eh?" said the captain, looking at the string of fish in Dick's hand.

"Yes. Took me all morning to catch these."

At that moment a pretty girl, of a brunette complexion, mounted on a jet-black mare with a white star between her eyes, appeared in front of the shop. Billy dropped the job he was on and rushed to the door.

"Good morning, Miss Carter!" he said, touching his cap.

"Good morning, Billy!" replied the young lady, with a smile. "One of Bess's shoes, the hind one on the right, has come loose. I want you to fix it."

She sprang lightly to the ground, without assistance, holding up her natty riding costume with one hand.

"All right, Miss Bessie," replied Billy, stroking the animal down the nose.

The mare threw up her head and then rubbed her nose against the young blacksmith's arm, which was one of the ways she expressed her friendliness toward a person. Billy led her inside, and picking up her hind leg, looked at the shoe. He repaired the trouble in a few minutes.

"There you are, Miss Carter," he said. "The charge is one smile, which you paid in advance."

The girl laughed.

"I'm afraid Mr. Hooley couldn't make much out of that," she said.

"Don't you worry about it. Mr. Hooley is not in need of money," said Billy.

"I should judge not. He doesn't work much these days. You appear to be in charge of the shop most of the time."

"Yes, I do about nine-tenths of the work that comes here."

"It seems a shame for him to make you do so

much. He's a strong, healthy man and ought to do his share, like he used to."

"Oh, well, I've got to earn my board, clothes and spending-money. As long as I am busy here, I am out of mischief," he chuckled.

"Will you assist me to mount?" she asked.

"With the greatest pleasure," said Billy, eagerly grasping one of her gloved hands as she placed the other on Black Bess's neck.

With a light spring she was in the saddle.

"Good-by, Billy!" she said, waving her hand that held the fancy whip which she carried more for show than service.

"Good-by, Miss Bessie!" said the young blacksmith, pulling off his cap.

At that juncture Captain Gale came to the door and called Billy to dinner.

"So-long, Billy; I'll see you this afternoon," said Dick, starting out of the door and taking the road to his own house.

CHAPTER II.—Billy Makes a Discovery.

They had the fish for dinner at the Hooley house. The captain had persuaded his sister to sidetrack the meat she had contemplated serving up, and he helped himself to a whole fish as soon as he deposited his wooden leg under the table. He contemplated the brown and palatable-looking finny thing with an anticipatory sigh of satisfaction and then fell to with a great appetite. The head of the house, Mr. Hooley himself, was not present. This was nothing unusual, and Mrs. Hooley had got into the habit of ignoring his absence. She recognized the fact that Billy and the captain were the workers and had to be fed, so if her husband failed to turn up by the end of the meal, she placed a portion in the oven to await his convenience. Hooley never kicked.

The meal was half through when Hooley turned up, took his place at the head of the table, and helped himself to what remained on the dishes.

"What have you been doing this morning since I left the shop?" he asked his assistant.

"Not a whole lot," replied Billy. "Shoed a couple of horses, repaired the tongue of a wagon, and I am now doing a small job for Judson."

"What is it?" asked Hooley curiously.

The boy told him.

"Is that man fixing up a machine shop in his house?"

"I don't know."

"You've been doing quite a number of small jobs for him."

"I know it. I think he's building some kind of a machine."

"Then why doesn't he have a regular machinist build it in his shop?"

"He probably wishes to keep the main points of its construction a secret until he has patented it."

"He could patent it by means of drawings, couldn't he? That's the way Davis got a patent on his corn-sheller."

"I don't know anything about the requirements of patent applications. I don't even know whether Judson is an inventor. All I know is that I've made him a number of small iron articles, and have fixed up several steel things, according to

his directions. The articles he brought me all looked like parts of a machine. He didn't tell me what he was going to do with them, and I didn't ask him."

Billy got up and left the table. When he returned to the shop, the captain was sitting on a stool at the door smoking his long-stemmed pipe. The boy resumed his work on the pieces of steel.

"Say, Billy, look yonder," said the captain.

Billy looked. Two men, with a pot of paste, were putting up some circus posters. They were billing a small, one-ring show. The central picture represented a big military mortar. A clown was in the act of touching off the vent with a hot poker. Through a hazy cloud of white smoke a figure in spangles, rolled up like a ball, with his head and heels together, was hurtling through the air just as if he had been fired from the mortar. It was labeled, "The Great Cannon Act. The most astonishing and mysterious performance ever exhibited in public."

Billy couldn't resist the inclination to go to the door to get a better look as soon as the bill-posters had finished their work.

"We must see that, Billy," said the captain.

"Sure," replied the boy, who had the prevalent weakness for a circus.

At that moment Judson came along, with a well-dressed man.

"Got those pieces of steel finished yet?" he asked.

"Not quite. It will take me half an hour to file them."

"I'll be back in half an hour," and he went on to his house, which was only a short distance away.

As Judson failed to appear, Billy thought he'd take them over to his house. He entered the front yard, which was laid out as a garden, and walked up to the door. As he was about to pull the bell, he heard Judson's voice around the side of the house. As he approached the corner he heard a strange voice say:

"When shall you have the machine in running order?"

"In a couple of days."

"Has the paper been delivered?"

"Yes. It's hidden under the floor in the cellar."

"Good! How long will it take you to turn out the goods after you get fairly started?"

"That will depend on circumstances."

"You'd better send them on to us in sections, by express, of course. Tackle the fives first, and when they're dry, express them. Then follow with the tens, and wind up with the twenties. Keep a watchful eye out against curiously disposed people, and don't leave a thing around to tell tales when you're out of the house. Understand?"

"I do," said Judson.

The nature of the conversation had caused Billy to hesitate about showing himself, that is why he heard more than he otherwise would have. He heard enough to more than half persuade him that some kind of an off-color business was going to be executed by Judson at the house. The man was evidently finishing the assembling of the parts of some kind of a machine—that is, putting the different parts together to make a complete whole—which, when ready, was designed to do

some kind of work. The fact that plates and paper were mentioned gave Billy the notion that it was a printing press. At any rate, he had learned a lot that was not intended for his ears, and he judged that it would be the part of prudence to return to the door and ring the bell. This he did just as Judson and his companion appeared around the corner of the house.

"Hello! What are you doing here?" cried Judson, with an unpleasant look.

"I brought over those pieces of steel," replied Billy.

"Very well. Hand them to me. What's the damage?"

"I'll have to charge you a dollar."

"Here's the money, and half a dollar for yourself to pay you for fetching them over."

"I don't want any pay for that."

"Take it, anyway. You can take your girl to the circus on it," grinned Judson.

Billy accepted the tip and returned to the shop not quite satisfied as to the legality of the business Judson was about to undertake.

CHAPTER III.—The Burglars.

Although Hooley had asked Billy to find out what kind of a machine Judson was putting together, the boy did not intend to furnish him with the information he had accidentally come into possession of. The captain was ruminating and smoking when he got back to the shop. A man was waiting in the place with a horse to be shod, and Billy got about the work. He had just finished the job and got the pay for it when Mrs. Hooley appeared at the back door of the shop.

"Isn't John here?" she said.

"No. He hasn't been here since ten this morning," replied Billy.

"Then he's down at the dram-shop. You go there and tell him I want to see him right away."

"All right," said the young blacksmith, taking off his leather apron.

Telling the captain where he was going, he started off. The tavern was two short blocks away. Marching in, he saw Hooley seated at a table with two men. He had a glass at his elbow and a pipe in his mouth, and he was riding his favorite hobby—the annihilation of all trusts and big business enterprises, and the equitable division of all the world's wealth. Billy interrupted him to deliver his message.

"I'm busy," said Hooley impatiently.

"Then I'll tell your wife that you won't come?" said the boy.

"No, you'll tell her that I'll be there in five minutes."

Billy looked the two men over in a sweeping way, and mentally decided that he didn't fancy them. They had smooth, hard faces, and their eyes were shifty. One had a peculiar scar over his left eye which would identify him anywhere. The other chap had a broken nose which marked him for life.

"Go on, now," said Hooley, "and don't bother me."

"Is that your son?" Billy heard one of the men ask as he walked away.

"No. He's my cousin's son, but he lives with me and works in my shop."

Hooley's five minutes were each five minutes long, and when he appeared at the cottage he caught Jessie from his better half, but he expected that and never turned a hair. Billy was shoeing his third horse of the afternoon and had no thought for Hooley, though he did think more than once of the two men he had seen in the tavern. At six o'clock the boy closed up and went in to supper. Then he went to his room to change his clothes.

Just before leaving his room he looked out of the window. To his surprise, he saw the momentary flash of a match through the back window of the shop. He ran downstairs to see if Hooley had gone in there for something. He found the blacksmith reading the evening paper, the captain smoking soberly in a corner, and Mrs. Hooley putting dishes away in the dresser. Clearly, then, there must be some intruder in the shop, and he couldn't have got in there without forcing the back door. Without saying a word he slipped out the back way just in time to see two men issue from the shop and shut the door. They started around toward the road. Billy followed them. They stopped in front of the shop and one of them struck a match to light his pipe. Both of their faces were revealed to the boy as he peered around the corner of the building. He recognized the men as the two he had seen in Hooley's company at the dram-shop. He wondered what had brought them to the shop, for they did not appear to have taken anything. Returning to the rear, he found the door had been forced by some instrument. The lock, which was a common one, was broken, so he had to get a piece of wood and nail it up temporarily. Then he went into the house and told Hooley about the incident, describing the two men so accurately that the blacksmith easily knew them. He went out and looked at the door, asked Billy in which direction the men had gone, and then returned to his paper. Billy attended a dance that evening at a hall half a mile away and the affair did not break up till nearly one o'clock. On his way home his course took him past the Carter mansion, which was situated in the midst of an extensive lawn, sprinkled with trees. It was a handsome place, one of the most pretentious residences in the town, and stood on a corner. The two street sides were closed in with a thick hedge, with iron gates—one of which was large and opened on the carriage drive. As Billy hurried along he suddenly came upon the two men leaning against the big gate. A swift glance told him they were the men who had been in the shop. He could not see what business they had there at that hour of the night, and the more he thought about the matter the more he suspected they were up to mischief.

"I wouldn't be surprised but they are thinking of trying to rob the Carter place," he thought. "It's the best house in the neighborhood, and the one most likely to attract the eye of a burglar."

Instead of continuing on home, he turned up the next street and, crossing a vacant plot of ground, reached the rear of the Carter property. Here the view of the residence was partly cut off by the barn, the stable and carriage house and the tool house. The fence was low, and the boy

easily got over it. He made his way toward the back lawn and yard. He was gliding forward under the shadow of the barn when he saw two figures come around the side of the mansion. They went to the kitchen door and inspected it. It was a plain iron door, which was closed and secured by an iron hook at night, the wooden door inside being also locked and bolted. It would take tools and time to open the iron door from the outside. The two kitchen windows were protected with iron shutters.

In fact, all the lower windows of the house were well protected except the small window that lighted the butler's pantry. That, however, was high up and out of ordinary reach. The window being small and bolted, it was not thought necessary to furnish it with a metal shutter. The two men, whose intentions were now apparent, noted the small window, and decided that it offered the most available means of entering the house. It happened that the gardener had used a short ladder on the lawn that day and had neglected to remove it from the tree against which it stood. The rascals got the ladder, placed it in position against the butler's pantry, and one of them mounted to the window.

After failing to force the sash, he cut out a pane of the glass, stuck in his hand and drew the bolt. To push in the window, which swung on hinges, was the work of a moment. He flashed an electric searchlight inside, and then squeezed himself into the room. His companion climbed the ladder and followed him in. Billy had watched the proceedings, and as soon as the men disappeared he walked around to the door communicating with the gardener's quarters on the second floor of the carriage house, and rang the bell to arouse the man. He had to ring it several times before he awakened the sleeper, who opened his window and asked who was there.

"It's me—Billy Blake. Dress yourself quick and come down. If you've got a revolver, fetch it."

"What's the trouble?"

"I'll tell you when you open the door. Hurry now."

Impressed by the boy's words that something was wrong, he hurried on his clothes, grabbed his pistol and came downstairs.

"There are two burglars in the house," said Billy. "They got in through the window in the butler's pantry, with the help of a ladder that you left standing against a tree."

"How did you discover the rascals?" asked the gardener.

"Never mind that now. We must try and catch them."

"I don't see how a man could get in through that small window."

"You see that it's open, don't you? And you see the ladder where it is?"

The gardener couldn't help seeing all that.

"What do you intend to do?" he asked. "Shall we wait here and catch them when they come out?"

"That would take too long. Give me your gun, and I'll go in and you wait here to nab one of them if he should get away from me."

"Do you expect to face both of them?"

"Why not? I expect to catch them by surprise, and while I hold them at bay I shall make a noise loud enough to arouse the house and bring Mr.

Carter to the scene, so that between us we'll capture the rascals."

"That will be first-rate if it works; but look out that the burglars don't take you by surprise and lay you out."

"If I don't come on them in the dark, I'll surprise them, all right," said Billy confidently.

He mounted the ladder and looked in at the window. All was dark and silent inside. He struck a match and flashed it around, and finding that the coast was clear, he got in, though without as much difficulty as the burglars had experienced, for he was a husky boy for his age. He took off his shoes and carrying them in one hand, and the revolver ready for business in the other, he started forward.

CHAPTER IV.—Billy Nabs the Crooks.

He entered the large kitchen first and passed through that into the lower hall or entry. Here a short stairway led to the landing above. This was the rear way of reaching the upper floors. Billy decided not to go up that way. He walked ahead to the front of the basement and listened at the first door he came to. He heard no sounds but he opened the door cautiously and looked in. All was gloom in there and the place, which he guessed was the dining room, was untenanted. He closed the door and ascended the front basement stairs, which brought him to the main hall, where the parlor, library and conservatory were. He expected to find the burglars busy on this floor, but an investigation of the rooms showed him they were not there. Clearly, they had gone up to the second floor, where Mr. Carter and his wife slept, and where the private sitting room was. Billy started up, feeling almost like a burglar himself. Suppose Mr. Carter was awakened and encountered him instead of the burglars, and put a bullet into him, it would be pretty rough.

So when the young blacksmith reached the landing of the second floor he stopped and listened intently. Not a sound reached him from any room. There were four doors within a short distance of each other. Billy could see the outlines of two of them, as his eyes were now used to the deep gloom of the house. He wondered why the Carters did not keep at least one light burning. They did keep the lower hall jet, in a pink globe, turned low all night, but the burglars had extinguished it. The boy had to make some move, so he tried the door of the front room, the sitting room, where the family received their intimate friends.

The room was dark in all parts but one; that was where the wall safe lay. The velvet curtains, which usually hid it, were now thrown back and the face of the safe was lighted up by the glare of a hand electric light in the hands of one of the burglars, while the other was drilling holes around the combination lock with an up-to-date hand drill that went through the steel like an ordinary drill through wood and without making a sound. The man who operated the machine was clearly an expert, for he hit the tumblers every time and they dropped out of position. In a few minutes the contents of the safe would be at the mercy of the rascals.

"Stop, you rascals, and throw up your hands!" cried Billy, in a resolute tone.

Both men uttered ejaculations, and the fellow threw the light on the boy, blinding him with its intensity.

"A boy!" cried one of them.

"It's the blacksmith kid," said the other. "He must be silenced."

Billy saw something coming at him and he instinctively raised his weapon and fired straight ahead. The bullet tore through the muscles of one of the men's right arm, by good luck, and caused him to drop his weapon. The house was now aroused, and everybody in it thrown into a state of great alarm. Mr. Carter alone retained his presence of mind. He seized his revolver and started for the sitting room. He noticed at once that the dim light on the landing had been put out by some one, and he lit it with the match he had in his fingers. Then he heard a terrible uproar in the sitting room.

He threw open the door and looked in. He could make out nothing with his eyes, but he heard two persons on the floor near the door engaged in a desperate struggle. He also heard groans coming from the vicinity of the safe. He ran back to his room and got some matches. He flashed one of these into the sitting room and saw the two combatants rolling over and over on the floor, locked in each other's embrace. One held a revolver, which he couldn't use, in his hand.

Mr. Carter lost no time in lighting the gas, and then he saw the state of affairs. He couldn't tell the combatants apart, though he knew Billy well, because the boy was underneath and his face was hidden by the body of the broken-nosed man. However, he saw that the burglar was a hard-looking stranger, so he seized him first and pulled him up. Then he recognized the young blacksmith.

"Billy Blake—you here!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "What does this mean?"

"Hold on to that man, Mr. Carter. He's a burglar!" replied Billy.

With a sudden strong effort the boy released himself, grabbed the rascal, too, and shoved his gun into his face.

"Now will you give up?" he cried.

The man stopped struggling, for he saw that he had not the ghost of a show.

"You've got me. I give in," he said sullenly.

"Put up your hands, then," said Billy.

The fellow obeyed.

"Get a towel, Mr. Carter, and tie him," said Billy.

A shawl-strap lay on the center table, left there by Bessie, and Mr. Carter used it to tie the burglar's hands. Then he looked at the groaning man.

"Did you shoot him, Billy?" he asked.

"I had to, sir."

Mr. Carter picked up the revolver belonging to the prisoner with the broken nose.

"They fired at you, too, eh?" said Mr. Carter.

"One shot, but it missed me. I fired twice. I hit this chap, I guess," he said, seeing the rip in the fellow's sleeve.

"Yes, you hit me, blame you!" hissed the man called Cox. "And you'll pay for it one of these days as sure as you stand there."

"I guess it will be a long time before you finish the time you'll get for this job. We've got you and your companion dead to rights," said Billy, not in the least worried by the man's threat.

An inspection of the other burglar's wound showed that he had been hit in the chest by the bullet, which had fractured a rib, glanced off and buried itself in a muscular tissue. Mr. Carter went to the telephone and called up the station house. He stated what had taken place in his house, and asked that officers be sent to take charge of the prisoners. His wife and daughter, who naturally had remained in the background in a state of anxious suspense, now learned all the facts of the case, and Bessie was loud in her praises of Billy's plucky efforts in their behalf. The terrified women servants, who slept on the top floor, were reassured by the master of the house, and they retired to their rooms. Billy went downstairs and admitted the gardener, and then he told Mr. Carter that he guessed he'd go home, as there was no longer any necessity for his presence in the house. He had gone about a block when a patrol wagon, with a bunch of policemen, came rushing in the direction of the Carter house. It was close on to three when Billy got home. He went to bed satisfied that he had done his duty as an embryo citizen, but more than all delighted at having been able to render a service to the Carters, with whom he wished to stand well, largely on Bessie's account.

CHAPTER V.—Billy and the Cannon Act.

The newspapers didn't have a line about the affair in the morning because they had gone to press, and the reporters had gone home, when the burglars were carried to the station house and locked up. Consequently, the first information the Hooleys got about it was when Billy told them at breakfast. To say that his performance astonished them would be putting it mildly. Billy left them talking about it and went to the shop to open up.

"I s'pose you'll have to attend the police court this morning?" said Hooley, who condescended to work that morning.

"I expect I will, but I won't go unless a policeman comes after me, for I've no idea when the men will be brought before the magistrate."

A policeman came after Billy about eleven o'clock and took him to court. There he found Mr. Carter and Bessie.

"Aren't you a plucky boy!" said the girl, beaming on him.

"I didn't do any more than was my duty," returned Billy, pleased at the way she addressed him.

The case was now called, and Billy's testimony was enough to cause the magistrate to hold Cox for trial. The other burglar was in the hospital, where his wound was not regarded as particularly serious, but it would be a week or ten days before he could be brought into court. After the proceedings were concluded, Mr. Carter told Billy that he considered himself under great obligations to him for saving his property. The safe held all of Mrs. Carter's jewels, the best of Bessie's, and a solid silver dinner set, an heirloom

in the family. There were also other valuable articles in it. Billy had saved it all, and the Carters were very grateful to him. When Billy got back to the shop, dinner was over, but Mrs. Hooley had his waiting for him in the oven. He sat down and soon cleaned up the dishes. Hooley was shoeing a horse when Billy went into the shop, and he worked through the afternoon without showing any disposition to go to the tavern.

As he appeared to be in good humor, Billy told him that he was going to the circus on the following afternoon. Hooley offered no objection, though the boy's absence would keep him at work himself. Apparently, the tavern had temporarily palled upon the blacksmith. Dick met Billy next day right after dinner, or about half-past twelve, and the boys started for the circus lot. There had been a procession through the town, which Dick had seen, but Billy hadn't, and the former described all its tinselled beauties to his companion. When they reached the lot they found the tents all in place, and the circus people at dinner in one of them. The red ticket wagon, badly weather-stained, stood between the two tents. It wasn't open for business yet. The boys wandered around the clearing, taking everything in. In some way they got separated, and while looking for Dick, who he knew couldn't be far away, Billy stopped to look at a circus pony that an attache was exercising. Through the folds of the tent close by Billy heard men talking.

"Who in thunder will take Smith's place this afternoon?" one said.

"Why, get one of the attaches," said the other.

"I can't get one. The whole bunch are down on me because I got the manager to force them to put the mortar in position on the stage. They are sore on me for that, and not one will volunteer."

"See the manager. He'll pick out one and force him to act as the human missile."

"I'd rather not. I'm going to look for a volunteer on the outside to perform this afternoon and evening. I'll pay him ten dollars."

"I guess you'll have no trouble in getting a good-sized boy who'll jump at that money for doing an easy turn that doesn't take more than five minutes."

The voices ceased and one of the men came outside through a slit in the canvas. His eyes rested on Billy, and the inspection was favorable.

"Want to earn ten dollars, my lad?" he asked.

"Doing what?" asked the young blacksmith curiously.

"Helping me with the cannon act."

"In what way?"

"My assistant, whom I shoot from the gun, has been taken ill and can't go on to-day. I'll give you ten dollars to take his place. I'll furnish you with the spangled suit. It is a cinch."

"Before I accept I want to know if it's dangerous," said Billy, seized with a sudden desire to astonish all his friends whom he knew would be at the show either that afternoon or in the evening.

"Dangerous!" ejaculated the man. "Not in the least. It's perfectly simple. Come with me and I'll show you how the act is worked."

Delighted to learn some inside information about the circus, Billy followed him inside the tent. Passing through a short canvas lane, they

entered the main tent. At the highest point of the tent, near the top of the pole, was fixed a roomy netting. This, as was explained to Billy, was to catch the performer when he was shot from the mortal.

"You'll fall into it as lightly as a feather," said the man.

He led Billy around in front of the circular seats for the public to a small platform on which stood a formidable-looking mortar. It was built of wood, however, with steel connections, and was painted black with gloss paint, to imitate the real article. Anybody at a short distance away would have taken it for a real mortar.

"Look in and you'll see a big hunk of cotton batting," said the man. "That covers the strong wooden top of the spring. You crouch down against that and its softness and elasticity break the shock of the spring. Being shot out of that isn't half as dangerous as being fired up through a star trap on the stage of a theater. You'll be thrown, with a graceful curve and without any effort at all on your part, in the net yonder."

"Suppose I should miss the net?" asked Billy doubtfully.

"You can't miss it. The spring operates with the same force each time. If you went through the act a hundred times, you'd land in the same place each time."

"Suppose the spring were to suddenly get out of order?"

"About one chance in a thousand."

"But that one chance is liable to happen."

"The majority of people have more than one chance in a thousand of meeting with an accident, but most of them miss it. Well, is it a bargain?"

"I'll risk it. It's like taking a dare."

"All right. The doors will open presently. Before they do, I'll give you a rehearsal of the act. Take off your jacket and hat."

Billy did so, though he felt a bit nervous at undertaking a feat so new and practically mysterious to him.

"Say, how do you make the noise and smoke?" he asked.

"When I release the spring by pulling the trigger with this lanyard, a hammer flies over at the mouth of the cannon and strikes a charge of powder. It goes off with a report and a small cloud of smoke as you issue from the opening and soar upward. We'll omit that part at this rehearsal. The hammer will fly over, but will only give out a metallic sound. You'll go just the same. Now, get it, legs first. That's it. Crouch down. Hold your hands in front of your chest, like a diver, and throw them out when you are fired out. Understand?"

"Yes," said Billy. "Let her go!"

The man pulled the lever over to the first notch, attached the trigger and grabbed the line.

"All ready?" he said.

"Yes," answered the young blacksmith.

A shock, not over hard, followed, and he went sailing through the air. Before he knew where he was, he dropped into the net as lightly as a feather.

"My! this is great!" he exclaimed to himself. "How will I get down?" he called to the operator. Standing near the gun platform, he saw

two of the circus attaches watching him and laughing.

"You'll find a rope up there. Throw it out of the net and slide down," replied the man.

Billy did so, and alighted in the ring. A piece of cord was attached to the center of the fancy rope, and the man told him to haul on the cord. When he obeyed, the rope rose up and settled at the corner of the net.

"How did it go?" laughed the man.

"Fine as silk," replied Billy, delighted with his part in the act.

"Come with me to the dressing room and don the suit I'll give you. You will appear about the middle of the bill," said the man, as they walked away.

CHAPTER VI.—Billy Creates a Great Sensation.

In the meanwhile, Dick Hudson was looking everywhere for his missing friend Billy, and, of course, did not find him.

"Where in thunder did he go?" Dick asked himself more than once; but he failed to get an answer to his question.

The ticket wagon opened up, and the surging crowd began its clamor for the bits of pasteboard that admitted them to the big tent. Reserved seats on the side near the band were sold for 35 cents; all the rest of the arena was a quarter; children, 15 cents. The tent filled up rapidly, and Dick, fearing he would get left in the shuffle, got his ticket, and, giving Billy up, entered the tent. Among those who attended the afternoon show was Bessie Carter, who came with her mother and several girl friends. They took reserved seats, but Dick sat opposite in the 25-cent section. Back in the dressing room the performers were getting into their costumes, and the head clown was making up his face. In a corner Billy was wrestling with a suit of pink and spangled fleshings with a blue trunk piece that went about his loins, which also glittered with spangles in odd designs.

The performers passed out of the dressing room and soon the band struck up the opening march and the show went on. Billy witnessed the different acts from a slit in the curtain. Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder. He looked around and saw the cannon boss at his elbow.

"We go on next," he said. "When the band plays, 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night,' that will be our cue to enter. I will go first and you will follow after."

The girl horseback rider finished her act amid a storm of applause. As her mare trotted out of the ring the equestrienne kissed her fingers to the people and tripped after the animal. A brief pause followed. The ringmaster began telling the audience that the next feature would be the great cannon act, which had mystified all the crowned heads of Europe, the nobility of every land, as well as the army artillery experts of all nations. Millions of people had witnessed it with awe-struck eyes. He bowed himself out and the band started up the music cue.

"Come!" said the cannon operator, and he ran out, followed by Billy. "Bow," he said, and Billy bowed in a bewildered way, amid a great clapping of hands.

They mounted the platform and there Billy gazed around on the big gathering, recognizing nobody, though two-score of his friends were present. Two persons knew him at once—Dick and Bessie, and they were fairly struck dumb with amazement.

"Great Scott!" gasped Dick. "What does this mean?"

The cannon man waved his hand and Billy climbed into the mortar, the lever of which stood set at the first notch. The two circus men who had watched Billy at his rehearsal were on the platform, dressed like artillerymen. They were there merely for effect. The detonating powder was in place and all was ready for the firing. The audience had become silent, some with apprehension, but most with curiosity and expectation. Suddenly one of the artillery chaps stepped up to the boss of the act. He took him to the edge of the platform and, pointing to the net, asked him if it looked all right. The other artilleryman stepped forward, grabbed the lever and pulled it down to the last notch and fixed the trigger as before. Both artillerymen then stepped back to their former stiff and soldierly attitudes.

"All ready?" cried the operator.

"Ready!" replied Billy.

The man, without noticing that the lever had been changed to the 100-foot limit, pulled the trigger. Bang! A puff of smoke and a glittering object was propelled from the mouth of the mortar, like a shot. Instead of curving gracefully into the net, Billy hit the top of the canvas, like a bullet. Fortunately for his neck, the spot he landed against had been torn in the putting up and he went through the rent like a bird escaping from its cage.

With the disappearance of Billy, the audience stopped applauding, for all seemed to understand that the human projectile was to be caught in the net, and instead of that, he had gone through the top of the tent at a rate likely to carry him some distance up in the air. There was a suspicion in the minds of the majority that something was wrong. The actions of the cannon man seemed to confirm that impression. He stood paralyzed on the platform. A painful silence reigned in the tent. Even the band remained mute. Dick suddenly jumped up and started for the entrance. His action was followed by others. That made it certain to the rest of the audience that the cannon act had gone wrong. Half the men rose and flocked to the exit. The circus was thrown into confusion. Almost a state of panic existed. As fast as the crowd got outside, they began looking for the human projectile, but failed to find the slightest trace of him. Where had the glittering performer gone? Billy had received a greater shock at the start than he was looking for after what he had felt during the rehearsal, and he went through the air so fast, tearing through the hole in the top of the tent like an engine running wild, that he lost all idea of things till he landed with a crash among the upper branches of one of the surrounding elm trees. He was badly cut and scratched. Instinctively he grasped the trunk for support and clung to it like a drowning sailor to a plank in mid-ocean. There, at a dizzy height, he hung until he recovered his presence of mind.

"Gosh!" he ejaculated. "Where am I? This

isn't the net. I'm up a tree, and a tall one at that."

That being no place for him in such an airy costume, he began to make his way down, but with care lest he fall. Down he went till somebody happened to see him and uttered a shout:

"Here he is!—here he is!—in this tree!"

In a few minutes the tree was surrounded by a big crowd, and into their very midst Billy dropped, pretending to be as chipper as though nothing had happened to him. The crowd gaped at him as he started for the tent. He went in by the main entrance and the people followed as fast as they were able to push their way. Billy walked into the ring, and then the women began clapping and waving their handkerchiefs. The men and boys shouted as they rushed to the first seats in sight. Billy bowed right and left with the greatest ease and nonchalance. The band played joyfully and noisily, "There'll Be a Hot Time," etc. Then Billy ran lightly through the curtains and disappeared. The amazed operator found him disrobing in the dressing room.

"Great Scott, my lad, how did you escape with your life?" he said.

"I always light on my feet," grinned Billy. "What went wrong? Did the spring bust?"

"The spring! Impossible! Had it broken, you would have been dumped into the ring, or at the most you would have alighted among the audience. Why, you must have been flung the full 100 feet! I can't understand how that could have happened, for I'll swear I set it for the usual 32 feet, the same as I did at the rehearsal," said the man, apparently greatly puzzled. "Such a thing never happened before."

"Well, it won't happen again—with me. Cough up five of the ten dollars you promised me and hunt up another human projectile for the night show," said Billy, who knew when he had enough of anything, even if it was a good thing.

"I'll pay you when I get my clothes on. I don't blame you for wanting to quit. It happened to be your hard luck to meet with the first accident I ever had with that machine."

"It wasn't any accident, Benson," said a voice behind them.

The man turned and found the circus chap he was talking to before he hired Billy.

"Explain what you mean," said Benson, while Billy looked at him with interest.

"You remember that one of the attaches who pose as artilleryists took you to the edge of the platform and pointed at the net?"

"Yes; he asked me if it looked safe."

"That was a bluff to give his companion time to pull the lever back to the lowest notch."

Benson uttered an imprecation.

"The manager must hear about it. Will you repeat what you have told me to him?"

"I will, for I think it was a rascally piece of business. If the boy hadn't been lucky, he probably would have been killed. Suppose the canvas wasn't torn at the place he went through, his neck would doubtless have been broken by the impact. Those chaps ought to be arrested and sent to prison."

"I'll see that they are!" he fumed. "I thought it strange that an accident should happen to-day when I had a new hand. The chances were a

thousand to one against it. The scoundrels spoiled the act and shall suffer for it."

"The act wasn't spoiled. It was a tremendous success, for the people now believe the hole in the top was made on purpose for the boy to go through, and that the gun was aimed to send him into that tree where he alighted. They might have thought differently but for the plucky conduct of your young man," and the speaker gave Billy an admiring look. "Instead of being rattled and looking like a ghost when he got down, he acted just as if the whole thing was cut and dried beforehand. He entered the tent, stood in the ring and bowed, smilingly, to the audience, and then made his exit just like a finished performer. The manager said you ought to keep him in Smith's place."

"Blake, you are a nervy chap, for fair," said Benson. "I wish you'd change your mind and repeat to-night."

"What! Repeat the 100-foot sail!" cried Billy.

"No, no; repeat the act. I'll guarantee the 100-foot mistake won't happen to you again."

"The temptation to make another tremendous success of the act might overcome you, Mr. Benson and I wouldn't get off so easy. Lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place," said Billy.

"I'll give you my word, Blake," said Benson eagerly. "You'll get a rousing reception to-night if you go on—a regular ovation. Think it over, will you?"

After some hesitation, and the promise of an extra \$5, which Benson said he'd get the manager to pay, Billy yielded to Benson's persuasions and consented to repeat the part of the human projectile that evening. Then he went home to supper.

CHAPTER VII.—Billy's Engagement Closes.

Billy found Dick outside, looking for him.

"For the love of Mike, Billy, what induced you to go on in that cannon act?" cried Dick.

"A \$10 bill and the desire to give my friends who were present a delightful surprise," answered the young blacksmith.

"But I say you took desperate chances, being fired through the top of the tent. When I saw you pass the net and vanish, like a shot, I had an idea that something was wrong, and I rushed outside, expecting to find you badly hurt. I found you had landed in one of those big trees outside, and as you came down and walked into the show without looking rattled, I came to the conclusion that everything was all right."

"Well, everything wasn't all right, Dick. I ought to have landed in the net."

"Then your going through the roof was an accident?"

"Yes. Did you see one of the two artillerymen pull back that lever?"

"Yes."

"You supposed it was part of the act?"

"Of course."

"It wasn't. The lever was already set right to fling me into the net. That rascal pulled the lever back to the 100-foot limit only used in a big circus. He wanted to give me an awful jolt and spoil the act. He might have killed me."

"Is that so?"

"It is. Both of those chaps will be in jail before dark if they haven't run away. I guess I made a big hit on account of the accident. I daresay everybody present thinks as you did till I undeceived you—that the hole in the tent was made on purpose for me to go through."

"I guess they do, but at first they had an idea that it was an accident. Say, you looked stunning in that spangled rig."

"Caught the girls, eh?" grinned Billy.

"So you got \$10 for doing the feat? How came you to be taken on? What was the matter with the regular chap?"

"He was taken suddenly sick and Benson, who owns the act, hired me for the two shows."

"Are you going to do it again to-night?"

"Yes, for \$5 extra, but Benson will see that I land in the net the next time, just as I did at the rehearsal I had."

"You've got a pretty good nerve. How does it feel to be thrown 100 feet into a tree?"

"I don't remember anything after the shock of the spring until I crashed into the tree."

"It's a spring that threw you?"

"Sure. What else?"

"It must be a powerful one."

"Believe me, it is. Say, how would you like to try the 32-foot sail into the net. If you want to sample it I'll get Benson to treat you to it before the show opens to-night."

"No, thanks. I'm not a bird."

"It feels fine. It would be something for you to talk about."

"That's an honor I won't try to deprive you of."

"I thought you had some nerve, Dick?"

"It doesn't extend to mechanical cannons that have the power of throwing you a hundred feet. I think you're foolish to run a second risk."

"Maybe I am, but I'm going to chance it. Benson says I'm bound to get an ovation to-night, for my afternoon feat will be known all over the town by dark."

"So you're after an ovation? Why don't you join the show?"

"I wouldn't mind if I got paid at the rate of \$5 a performance, which would be \$10 a day."

"Wouldn't you get that right along?"

"I should say not. I asked Benson what wages Smith got, and he said \$15 a week and his keep. Besides doing the cannon act he has to ride in the procession, rain or shine, also appear in the grand entree on horseback; hold a hoop and banner in the ring when the lady equestrian is on; help pack and unpack the mortar; put up the stage on which it rests and take it down again; assist in feeding the trained ponies and horses three times a day and do about fifty other things."

"He doesn't do much for \$15 a week and his grub, does he?"

"Benson told me enough about circus life to show me that there is more real hard work about it with most of the people than glitter and show. I'd rather stay at home and work in the shop than tackle it for small pay."

"I thought circus people had a picnic."

"Don't you believe it. Even the star performers have to put in the best part of six days and

nights, but there are no stars in one-ring shows, and no fancy salaries. Since I've been behind the scenes I've got a different idea of the circus to what I had."

They had reached the shop by this time.

Hooley was closing up, for supper was nearly ready and he hadn't done anything for an hour. Billy went into the house and told Mrs. Hooley and the captain about the show, but said nothing about the part he had unexpectedly taken in it. He learned that the blacksmith, his wife and the skipper were going to attend that evening, and he grinned at the thought of them recognizing him as the human projectile in the cannon act. As Billy was not required to be on hand before nine o'clock, he took his time in getting to the lot. Hooley, his wife and the captain started at a quarter past seven. They found Billy and Dick talking outside the gate.

"We've got the key, so you needn't wait up to let us in," said Mrs. Hooley to Billy.

The boy grinned and nodded and went on talking with his friend. About eight, the lads walked to the circus lot. The big top looked like a glowing mushroom, and the sideshow also glowed with its own lights.

"I've got a pass for two for the side-show. Come on in," said Billy.

The regular show had commenced, so the sideshow was not crowded to any great extent. Six curiosities of the ordinary kind were on exhibition—a fat woman, a living skeleton, a Circassian lady, a midget, a sword-swallower and fire-eater, and a female snake charmer. In addition there was an Egyptian fortune-teller and palmist. Also half a dozen penny-in-the-slot phonograph boxes and two others showing pictures. There was an added attraction in the shape of a five-legged calf, and it cost a penny extra to see it. The boys spent twenty minutes in the side-show, and then Billy led his friend to the "stage entrance" and they passed into the dressing room. Billy opened a small trunk and took out his costume.

After getting into it, he put his clothes in the trunk. The lads then took up a position at the curtain and watched the acts and the audience till the band played the music cue for Benson and Billy to enter. The young blacksmith got a rousing reception as he stood at the edge of the platform and bowed.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Hooley, in some astonishment, "that boy looks like a twin brother of Billy. Did you ever see such a resemblance, John?"

Both Hooley and the captain admitted that the resemblance was most remarkable. Billy, as he got into the mortar, saw that the machine was set for 32 feet, and he noticed that Benson kept his eye on it. A couple of different attaches were acting as the artillerymen. The guilty pair had got wind that they were to be arrested and had cleared out of town in a hurry. This time the feat went off all right, and Billy landed in the net. He slid down the rope, bowed, and made his exit. As soon as he had got into his clothes Benson handed him \$5 and an order on the ticket wagon for \$10 more, which he duly collected. The boys hung around the show till it was nearly over and then went home. When the Hooleys and the captain returned Billy was in bed and asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Rascally Trick.

The captain was a habitual early riser and was usually the first down in the morning. It was his duty to start the fire going in the stove by opening the draughts and shaking it up, then he went to the well and drew a pailful of water, for the town's water pipes did not extend to the houses in that vicinity, though the water company contemplated broadening their system in the near future. On the following morning, which was Sunday, Captain Gale was up at seven, attended to his duties, and then getting the paper from the stoop, sat down to read it. A scare heading on the front page first attracted his attention.

"Almost a Tragedy. A thrilling incident at the circus yesterday afternoon not down on the bills. Thrown a hundred feet into a tree. The human projectile of the cannon act has a narrow escape from death."

The captain was interested at once, and as he read the particulars, his eyes bulged when he saw Billy's name printed as the boy who had had the narrow escape. The story explained that Gunner Benson's assistant, having been taken sick, Billy had been engaged to take his place during the afternoon and evening shows. Then it went on to state all the facts of the case, as the reader knows them, winding up with the information that the rascally jokers had made good their escape as soon as they learned they had been found out.

"And Billy never said a word about the matter," muttered the captain, putting down the paper. "So it was him we saw instead of a boy we took for his double. Well, well, well! What a boy he is! When my sister learns the truth, she'll have a conniption fit. Haw, haw, haw!"

The captain chuckled loudly, and then resumed the reading of the paper. At breakfast Billy remarked the odd look the captain favored him with.

"Billy," said Mrs. Hooley, "you were at the circus yesterday afternoon and you never told us about the boy who looked enough like you to be your twin brother."

"What boy do you mean, Aunt Maria?" asked Billy, who called Mrs. Hooley aunt.

"What boy do I mean?" exclaimed the lady, who thought the question superfluous. "Why, the one who was shot out of the cannon and landed in the net, of course."

"Oh! Why, that was me," replied Billy, with an innocent expression.

"You!" ejaculated Mrs. Hooley, in amazement.

"Yes. The boy who does the act was taken sick and the boss of the cannon act offered me \$10 to take his place. It was an easy way to make a golden eagle and so I accepted."

"You never said a word about it when you came home, nor did you tell us that you were engaged at the circus," said the lady. "Why didn't you?"

"I wanted to treat you to a surprise."

Billy, having finished his breakfast, got up and left the table. When he went to Sunday School that morning, with Dick, they met Bessie Carter at the door of the church basement entrance.

Of course, the young lady had something to say about Billy's remarkable performance at the circus the afternoon previous, which she and her mother had witnessed. In fact, the young blacksmith had to tell his story over again to an audience of his friends, though most of them had read about it in the morning's paper. He was generally looked upon as a kind of hero, who had already distinguished himself by catching two midnight burglars, and all the young people regarded him in a new and more favorable light.

After the services Billy escorted Bessie home, and during the walk he learned that she had entered Black Bess in the principal event of the race meeting which filled in the last three days of the ensuing week. A \$1,000 purse had been offered by the proprietors of the track to the horse which won the two heats out of three in the running race open to all horses under three years old. Entries closed Wednesday night and the race was to form the closing event of the three days' meet on Saturday. Already two well-known racers had been entered, with records that seemed to leave Black Bess's chances in the shade. Bessie, however, was confident that her mare, with no official record, had a good chance to carry off the purse, and she was very enthusiastic over it. The race track was situated within a short distance of Hooley's shop, and the week promised to be a busy and profitable one for him.

"Want a job?" asked Billy of Dick, when that lad appeared on Monday morning.

"What doing?" asked Dick.

"The superintendent of the race track is looking for a boy to renumber the thirty-odd stables on the ground. I told him I'd send you around to see him. He said he'd pay \$1. He'll supply the paint, brushes and a step-ladder."

"I'll take it. Where will I find him?"

"At his office at the track. Get over there now or you might miss the contract."

Dick, eager to earn a dollar, started off. The horses that were to take part in the meet began arriving that day, and several of them were brought to Hooley's shop to be reshod. That, with their regular work, kept the blacksmith and Billy constantly busy up to Wednesday night.

A big crowd attended the opening day on Thursday, and the program furnished was such a good one that the success of the race meeting appeared to be assured. The biggest interest, however, centered about the closing event on Saturday—the one-mile running race, best two heats in three, for the \$1,000 purse. The fact that a local horse, Bessie Carter's Black Bess, had been entered in competition with two well-known racers, had been made much of by the local press, and had aroused a lively interest. None of the racing people expected the black mare to win even one heat, but as the officers of the track association and the attaches of the track had seen and some of them had timed Black Bess with the girl on her back over the course, they let it be known that the racers opposed to her would by no means have a walkover, but would have to hustle to win over the mare that had no official record.

The owners of the rival horses heard all the talk about Black Bess. They put it down as country buncombe until they learned the time she had repeatedly made over the course with

her mistress on her back. Then they got together and talked the matter over between themselves. The result was a business talk with their respective jockies. The rival horses were, of course, not only daily exercised on the course, but were sent over it and timed by their owners at daylight on two mornings. In each case they fell a little behind their best records, and they had little, if anything, on the black mare. The men then inquired about the jockey who would ride Black Bess, but his identity appeared to be a secret. The mare appeared daily on the track in the morning, and the owners and jockies of the rival racers had every opportunity to look her over and note the way she worked under pull, with her mistress riding her. They wondered why the jockey wasn't in charge of the animal, for it was considered a prime necessity that horse and rider should get acquainted before the contest.

Mr. Carter finally gave out that he had specially engaged a well-known Eastern jockey to ride Black Bess, and was looking for him to show up. This jockey was a crack rider and noted for his successes. The announcement made the rival owners look serious. They had good reason to fear that with Nick Burnside on Black Bess, with her private record for speed, there was an even show of them losing, and it galled both men to think they were in danger from a horse without an official standing. Burnside appeared on Friday, having been delayed by special business. He took the mare in hand at once, and that evening, just as the shades of night were falling, in the presence of Mr. Carter and his daughter, he speeded the mare around the course at a record clip.

In spite of the efforts made to keep this trial shady, one of the rival jockies got wind of it, sneaked into a position to time the trial, and reported the result to his employer. The owner looked more than serious when he heard it, for it was better than anything his animal had ever accomplished. If Black Bess could make the same time at the race, next day, she was bound to win, and the chances were she would make it with Burnside riding her, for he could get everything out of a horse there was in one. The owner hurried to the hotel where his own rival was stopping and told him the news. Although pitted against each other, they were both against any other competitor. A consultation followed.

They decided that some means must be taken to keep the black mare out of the race, and they were not over-scrupulous as to the means employed to achieve their object. Black Bess was not stabled at the track like the other horses, as Bessie Carter would not allow it. The rule requiring it had been suspended by the track proprietors in order to get her to enter the mare, for they knew she would be a big attraction. On Saturday morning, about nine o'clock, Black Bess appeared at Hooley's shop in charge of the gardener and Bessie herself. Billy was alone at the time, and was doing nothing at the moment.

Burnside had ordered her to be re-shod with an inside cork sole, which he had fetched with him to add to her springiness. Bessie handed Billy the cork layers, which he was to fit to the mare's hoofs, and gave him careful directions to follow, then she went down the street to see a friend, leaving the gardener at the shop. Billy started

upon his task, and the gardener sat outside the door in the sun. The young blacksmith was just finishing his work when four strangers appeared. While one of them entered into conversation with the gardener, the others walked into the shop. The three visitors, taking advantage of the fact that Billy's back was turned toward them, tried to carry out the nefarious purpose which had brought them to the place—namely, to dope the black mare.

While one grabbed her head and the second her mane, the third tried to force a soft, round ball into her mouth. Black Bess resented the attention of the strangers at once and kicked. Billy then turned around in time to detect their game.

"What are you up to?" he cried angrily.

Dropping the mare's foot, he sprang at the rascals. The trio started for the door in a hurry. The boy had a red-hot horseshoe in the tongs in his hand. One of them stumbled and fell, but managed to evade Billy and reach the door in time to make his escape with his companions. At that moment Captain Gale had stumped into the shop through the back door.

"What's the trouble, Billy?" asked the skipper.

"Why, those scoundrels came in here to do up Black Bess," replied the boy. "Look at that pill," he added, picking the bolus up. "The old game of dope. I wish I had caught one of them; he'd have gone to jail in double-quick time."

At this point the gardener looked in at the door.

"Say, I thought Miss Bessie left you here to keep your eye on Bess," said the young blacksmith angrily.

"So she did," answered the man.

"Well, you've been doing it in fine style, I don't think. Why didn't you come inside with those men and keep them away from the mare? They came here to dope her, and were within an ace of doing it. If anything had happened to her, I'd have been blamed for it as well as you. You stay here now and watch her."

Then Billy finished his job and soon afterward Bessie Carter came back. He told her what had happened, handed her the bolus to show to her jockey, and told her the mare had had a lucky escape. Bessie was quite staggered by the incident, and she said some pretty sharp things to the gardener, who had not a word to say in his own defense.

"I thank you, Billy, for saving the mare," she said gratefully.

"Don't thank me, Miss Bessie. The mare saved herself. She kicked and backed, and that drew my attention to the rascals. Then I went for them."

"Well, you helped save her, and I'm very grateful to you, Billy," said the girl, with a look that made the boy's blood tingle.

CHAPTER IX.—A Thrilling Race.

There was a big crowd at the fair ground track that afternoon. It seemed as if everybody in town was there. Hooley was there with several boon companions, Billy was there with his friend Dick, and Captain Ezra Gale was there with his inseparable pipe. Necessarily, the shop had been locked up. A good program for this, the last

day, was on the books, but nobody cared particularly about the minor events, though they bet on them just the same. Public expectation was on the qui vive over the \$1,000 running race. This was to be pulled off in three sections, with another attraction sandwiched between the heats, to give the three horses entered a chance to rest up. The local papers had printed a good deal about Black Bess's performances, and confidently asserted that, ridden by such a noted jockey as Nick Burnside, she had an excellent chance to beat out the two racers pitted against her. At three o'clock the horses came out for their preliminary canter, and the eyes of every one rested on the black mare. She had never looked handsomer or fitter for a gruelling run. Her limbs worked with perfect motion, and the owners of the other two horses watched her with undisguised anxiety. At the last moment they had pooled their interests against her. The jockeys had received their instructions to this effect—in the first heat Sinecure was to win if possible, while the jockey of Mosquito was to try and impede Black Bess in every way short of fouling her. This program was to be reversed in the second heat. If the racers won a heat each the jockeys were free to make their best efforts to win the third one without reference to the black mare. With an ordinary jockey on Black Bess, the chances would have been in favor of the racers under this arrangement, but against so clever a strategist as Nick Burnside it was doubtful if the scheme would work.

However, the owners felt that it had to be put through. The horses were lined up, the bell tapped, and they were off, amid the greatest excitement. The man holding the flag dropped it as they passed him in a bunch and the heat was on. At the quarter-mile post Sinecure moved ahead, with Mosquito second by half a length. All three were going like the wind, but any one who knew Burnside's methods could understand from the way he sat that he was holding the mare in to some extent.

At the half-mile, Sinecure led by a length, the others maintaining the same relative positions. There was hardly any change at the three-quarter pole, and everybody counted Sinecure a sure winner of the heat. As the horses came down the home-stretch in rattling style, with Mosquito crowding the black mare as much as the jockey dared, Burnside suddenly bent forward and let Black Bess out. She slipped past Mosquito as though the latter was standing still, caught up quickly with Sinecure, and passed under the string a full length ahead. The yell that went up baffles description. The owners of the racers swore to themselves, and cursed Burnside for his winning tactics. Billy and Dick fell all over themselves with joy, while the captain swallowed a mouthful of smoke and had a coughing fit. As for Bessie, who sat with her father and mother in the grandstand, she fairly went wild with excitement and happiness. She and her father hurried to the paddock to congratulate Burnside and to fondle the mare.

Everybody was so excited over the finish that they paid little attention to the intervening event. The owners of the racers consulted with two of their friends, the men who, with two others, had tried to hocus the mare at the blacksmith shop

that morning, and the rascals presently went away, intent on some fresh mischief as a last desperate resource. In due time the three runners were lined up for the second heat. The crowd now considered that Black Bess, under Burnside, was a sure winner. They were no longer anxious when at the half-mile post the mare was a length and a half behind, with Sinecure leading as before and Mosquito a good second. They looked for another exciting finish. But it didn't come. Sinecure won by half a length, with Mosquito second and Black Bess, apparently doing her best, three lengths in the rear.

There was hardly any shouting now. Everybody was disappointed, and showed it. Experienced horsemen in the stand who knew Burnside saw there was something wrong. There was a suspicion that he had thrown the heat, either because he felt confident of winning the final, or for ulterior motives. Bessie Carter was wild, and her father angry. When they reached the paddock to demand an explanation of Burnside, they found the jockey reeling in the saddle. His eyes looked fishy, and it was clear he was not himself. As he attempted to dismount, he fell headlong on the ground and lay there like a log. A doctor was summoned and he pronounced the man drugged. With this evidence of foul play, Mr. Carter sought the managers of the track and registered a protest.

They took the matter under consideration and an investigation was begun. The rumor of the truth spread among the crowd and a howl of indignation arose. Billy and Dick heard it, and they were mad as two fighting cocks.

"It's a blamed outrage!" cried Billy. "That heat ought to be declared off and run over again."

"That's what it ought," coincided Dick.

"This is the second piece of crooked work that has been pulled off against the mare," said Billy. "You can't tell me that the owners of the other horses are not indirectly concerned in it. They intend to win somehow, and they don't care how. The papers shall hear about the attempt to dope the mare in my shop, and then the whole town will know why things have happened to handicap the local favorite."

In the meantime the betting had swung around stronger to Sinecure. The bookmakers got wind of the fact that Burnside was down and out and could not ride in the final heat. They immediately offered fancy odds against Black Bess, which lots of people, ignorant of the real truth, took up.

When Mr. Carter learned from the doctor that Burnside would not be able to ride again that day, he was in a quandary. Mr. Carter explained the situation to his daughter. The judges had decided the second heat a go, from lack of proof to show that the owners of the racers had had any hand in Burnside's knockout. It was generally believed that professional bettors were implicated in the foul deed, and an effort was being made to discover the guilty persons. Bessie was crying with disappointment and indignation. Suddenly she seized her father by the arm.

"We'll win yet!" she cried, her eyes blazing with sudden excitement.

"How can we?" said Mr. Carter.

"I'll ride Bess in the last heat," she said.

"You!" he exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes. Why not? She's my horse. I've a right to ride her."

Her father shook his head.

"It wouldn't be allowed. It wouldn't be legal. If you were permitted, the owners of the racers would protest, and their protest would go."

"Father, suppose I put on Mr. Burnside's suit. He's just my size and build."

"But you will be recognized as a girl."

"Leave that to me, father. Get me the clothes and then give out that our stable boy, Sam, is going to ride Bess in the last heat."

"Are you crazy, child? Sam is a negro."

"I intend to blacken up and deceive the crowd. I'll take the clothes across the road to Mrs. Thornton's, and after dressing I'll black up with a cork and a candle. Hurry now; there is no time to be lost."

"But, Bessie——" protested Mr. Carter.

"Do as I tell you, father," said the girl, in a resolute tone. "It is our only show to win, and win I will or kill Black Bess!"

Her desperate earnestness compelled compliance on her father's part, and the jockey's suit and colors were soon in her arms. With them she quietly slipped out of the park and across to her friend's house, where she proceeded to get ready for the most thrilling event of her young life.

In the meantime Mr. Carter gave out that he had sent for his stable boy to ride the mare. This, he said, would occasion a short delay, but it could not be helped. The owners of the racers made no objection when they heard about it. They now felt certain of winning, and put up all their funds on Sinecure, for that horse was regarded as the only one in the race, the owner of Mosquito compromising a victory on his part for the money he expected to win on Sinecure. At last the horses appeared on the track for the last heat, and everybody saw what appeared to be a smiling young negro on Black Bess. The crowd was rather doubtful as to his ability to win, but they put up their money on the long odds that were now offered. The bell tapped and the three racers got away to an even start. Sinecure forged ahead, but it was soon seen that Black Bess was under a pull, just as she had been managed by Burnside. The pace was set by the foremost jockey, and it was a hot one. At the quarter Black Bess was two lengths behind. The owners of Sinecure and Mosquito shook hands and considered it was all over but the shouting. There was no change at the halfway mark, but at the three-quarters pole the black mare had pulled up a length. The jockey riding Mosquito then began crowding her as they struck the home stretch. The black boy didn't understand this tactic, but he knew that he was losing ground. He knew he must pass Mosquito at once or lose the race. He bent forward and gave the mare a free rein.

"Go, Bess, go; that's a good girl!" he cried, in a musical voice that sounded strange from the lips of a negro boy.

The mare recognized the voice, and she sprang ahead like a streak of light, lapping Sinecure's flank. The head jockey woke up, looked around and saw Black Bess crawling up, like a meteor. He uttered a yell and applied the whip to Sine-

cure. The racer responded and opened up a gap, but Black Bess was now urged to her best speed and she got down to business in fine style. The finish promised to be a close one, and the crowd went wild with excitement. Foot by foot the black mare crawled up on the racer, who was doing his best. Neck and neck they came down the last part of the course. Then, with the wire right ahead, the negro rose half up, bent over the mare's neck and gave her one stinging clip with the whip. Black Bess shot ahead with a rush, her nostrils dilated and her mouth agape, and passed the line half a length ahead.

CHAPTER X.—The Counterfeiters.

A perfect pandemonium ensued around the grandstand. The Davenporters yelled themselves hoarse. When the mare passed the line a winner, Billy and Dick fell into each other's arms and then executed an Indian war-dance around the captain. They flung their hats in the air and yelled like a pair of Comanches. Neither had bet on the result, for they were not gambling boys, but they were just as happy as though they had won a million.

"My gracious! I never thought Sam could ride Bess like that," said Billy, who had not recognized the cheat.

"Why, he did as well as Burnside did in the first heat," said Dick.

"I think he had a harder job of it. The first heat was merely a trial of capacity—a kind of sizing up of form for what was to come. The last heat was real business, especially at the finish. Sam is a cookee, but he looked small to me in that jockey suit," said Billy.

"He certainly did," agreed Dick. "Let's try and get in the paddock."

They found the paddock jammed with a mob which surrounded Black Bess, who was in charge of the gardener. The supposed Sam had quickly dismounted and disappeared. Everybody agreed that it was the greatest race ever pulled off in Davenport, and nobody could complain that he hadn't got his money's worth of excitement. The race course was pretty well emptied by the time Bessie appeared to see about getting her mare home.

"I'm awfully glad your mare won, Miss Bessie," said Billy, when he met her.

"I'm awfully glad myself that she won," she replied, with sparkling eyes.

"Sam is a corking rider. I didn't think it was in him," said Billy.

"You think he did well, then?" she said, her eyes brimming with laughter.

"Well, I should say he did! He couldn't have ridden better had he been a regular jockey. What are you going to give him for winning the purse for you?"

"I'll take care of him," she laughed.

"Where did he go after the mare got back to the paddock? The people were looking for him. They wanted to give him a ride on their shoulders. They say the townsfolk have won a raft of money on Black Bess. Most of the bets went at ten to one and even better against her. The bookies must feel sore," and Billy grinned.

Sunday morning papers printed full and

graphic stories of the big race, stating that in spite of the foul play that had put Nick Burnside out of the running, Black Bess had won, being ridden in the last heat by Mr. Carter's negro stable boy, Sam Johnson, whose performance was distinctly noteworthy. So Sam became famous in Davenport for a feat he had not performed. With the race meeting a thing of the past, and the \$1,000 purse banked in Bessie's name, things resumed their normal status in Davenport.

Billy had forgotten all about Judson and his presumed printing machine, owing to the circus episode and the race meeting; but now that there was nothing particular to occupy his thoughts, the appearance of that individual with a stoutly wrapped package under his arm, bound for the express office, recalled the conversation to the lad which he overheard that day in the garden of Judson's house. He began to feel a curiosity to know what kind of secret printing the man was turning out. He spoke to Dick about it, and after securing his promise to let the matter go no further, told him what he had overheard.

"He's got paper which he's going to use to turn out fives, tens and twenties," said Billy. "Now I can't imagine what is meant by fives, tens and twenties."

Dick couldn't throw any light on the meaning of the terms, either. They puzzled their heads over them, but could reach no satisfactory conclusion. That evening Dick sneaked across the road and entered Judson's garden. He hung around the house a while, and distinctly heard a steady thumping as of a press of some kind in operation. He located the sounds as coming from the cellar, but not a ray of light came from the windows that in the daytime admitted light to that part of the house. He examined two of the windows and saw that they were covered on the inside with some kind of thick cloth. It was clear that Judson did not mean that any prowler about the premises should discover what he was doing. Dick spent half an hour in a vain attempt to find an eyehole somewhere, and finally had to give it up and go home. Next day he reported to Billy what he had been guilty of, and his non-success. The boys talked the matter over again with as little result as before.

About eight o'clock that night Billy let himself into Judson's garden to see if he could hear the machine Dick had listened to. He listened in vain, for no sound at all came from the cellar. He tried every one of the cellar windows and found them fast. He looked the house all over, but not a light shone from any of the windows.

"I'm not making out as well as Dick did," he thought. "I must try another night and then perhaps I'll hear the machine. After all, what'll I gain by hearing it? That won't give me any line on what Judson is doing. On the whole, I don't think I have any right to play the spy on his actions. It isn't any business of mine if he's up to some kind of shady work, though if I was sure about it I might deem it my duty to notify the authorities."

Billy started to return home when he heard the front gate slam shut, and then voices in conversation reached his ears. Fearing discovery, which would place him in an awkward predicament, he crouched down in the shadow of the water-butt,

close to the kitchen. He judged that the persons were Judson and a companion, and he expected they would enter the house by the front door. But they didn't. They came around to the back of the house, passing within arm's length of the young blacksmith. He saw that one of the pair was Judson.

"I sent off the package of fives three days ago by express. Rigby must have got it by this time. The bills are beauties, and are sure to pass current anywhere. I'm at work on the tens now. They are turning out equally as good. We should make a barrel of money out of this thing before the government gets wind of our exertions to increase the currency of the country for our individual profit," said Judson.

The speaker's words, "increase the currency of the country," gave Billy the clue he was after. It indicated that Judson was printing counterfeit paper money in his cellar, and that was a crime of the first magnitude. The boy no longer felt that he was acting a part in any way dishonorable. In his opinion, it was his duty to learn all he could concerning the crooked work that was being carried on in those premises and then notify the town authorities. With that idea in view, Billy listened eagerly to the talk of the two men.

"I'm glad things are turning out so well," said the stranger. "We are taking great chances in this game. I shall advise Rigby not to circulate a note until all the bills shall have been printed and the plant here dismantled."

"I gave him the same advice when he was down here two weeks ago, before I had things started. The fewer chances we take, the better. The moment the banks report to the Treasury Department that one or more new counterfeit issues are in circulation, the Secret Service men will be put on the job. Probably the first thing they'll do will be to try and locate the plant that turned the notes out, and are presumedly turning them out right along. If the plant is out of commission, the plates buried in some secret spot, and nothing left to show where the notes originated, the government sleuths will be at fault, and while they are up a tree we'll have the chance to work off all the money and then withdraw to Canada, or Mexico, and make our way to Europe, where we can enjoy life without fear of being dogged from pillar to post."

"I agree with you, Judson. You've a good head. The way you got the machine down here in parts, and then put it together, proves to us that we made no mistake in taking you in with us," said the man, whose name was Stockbridge.

"Taking it apart and putting it together again was nothing out of the usual for me to do. I am a thoroughly practical machinist, you know. The changes I made in its construction have greatly improved it. I could sell the ideas to the manufacturers, I've no doubt; but with larger game in sight, I can't bother with such small matters as that."

"You are certainly a clever fellow," said the other approvingly. "Well, let's go in. I'd like to see you run some of those fives off."

Judson started to unlock the kitchen door, which was fitted with a Yale lock for greater safety, when his alert ears heard a suspicious sound behind the rain-water barrel. The risks

attending the enterprise he was engaged in kept him constantly keyed up, and the least thing out of the way attracted his notice. To the surprise of his companion, he made a sudden dart for the water-barrel. Billy hadn't the ghost of a show to make his escape. Judson, with an exclamation of anger, seized the boy and yanked him out of his place of concealment.

"Who are you, and what are you doing behind that water-butt?" he demanded.

"I'm Billy Blake, if you want to know, and I was hiding there so you wouldn't catch me," replied the boy frankly.

"Billy Blake! Hooley's boy, eh? What brings you here?"

"I was just looking around."

"What for?"

"I heard your machine was in operation, and I was curious to discover what use you were making of it."

Judson uttered an imprecation.

"How did you learn I had any machine, and what business is it of yours what I was doing with it?"

"I guessed you had some kind of a machine, because I fixed up certain parts of it for you, and though it's none of my business what you are doing with it, I thought I'd find out, anyhow."

"Well, what have you found out?"

"Nothing much about the machine, because you've got your cellar windows nailed up and covered on the inside with cloth."

"What has the cellar got to do with the machine?"

"You've got it down there, haven't you?"

"Who told you it was down there?"

"Anybody listening last night could have heard it running."

"Then you were nosing around here last night, too, eh?"

"I didn't say I was."

"I guess you were, all right. Were you hidden behind that water-butt all the time my friend and I have been here?"

"I was."

"And you heard all we said?"

"I admit that I did."

"Then you know what I'm doing with the machine?"

"You're printing bogus money," said Billy boldly.

This frank admission threw the two men into a panic.

"What's your price for keeping your mouth shut about what you've learned?"

"My silence is not for sale where there is anything crooked concerned."

"Then you mean to blow on us?" almost hissed Judson.

"It's my duty to expose a counterfeiting game."

"I see. What are we going to do, Stockbridge?"

"We can't let him go till we decide what action we are to take," replied his companion.

"Of course we can't. Open the door and I'll bring him inside. You've put your foot in it, young man, and as I don't propose to go to the penitentiary on your account, I think you will have to decide between silence or death."

With those words, spoken in a tone of determined meaning, Judson shoved Billy into the

house, and Stockbridge locked and bolted the door after himself.

CHAPTER XI.—How Billy Was Silenced.

Billy was marched down in the dark cellar, pushed into a wooden compartment used for the storage of wood, and locked in with a stout hasp and wooden plug. In a few minutes the cellar was lighted up by a reflector-lamp, which threw a strong light on the press, at present covered with a piece of oiled cloth. There were a couple of chairs near a common deal kitchen table, and Judson, pointing at one of them, told his companion to be seated.

They then proceeded to converse together in low, earnest tones, and it is needless to say that the subject they were discussing was Billy, and how they were to prevent him from exposing the business in hand. Billy could see them through a crack in the wooden wall of his prison, but he couldn't hear a word they said. The men talked for some time. The problem they had to solve was a hard one. The boy's frank replies to Judson's questions outside had shown him to be a lad of pluck, and not easily intimidated. He lived only a stone's throw away, and the men were uncertain whether any one in his home knew of his visit to the Judson house or not. Their position, however, was a desperate one, and Judson, who was a man of resolution, insisted that only a desperate course could be pursued to silence the boy, who had practically refused to be bought off. It was decided to make another effort to bribe him, but in the event of its failure, Judson said they must be prepared to act as the case called for.

"What proposition are you going to make him?"

"One thousand dollars cash."

"It's a lot of money for a boy. He'd be a fool to refuse it. What good can it do him to blow on us? If I were in his shoes I'd take the money and saw wood."

"Most boys would take it, hide it away from the knowledge of their folks and spend it having a good time, but that chap is different from most boys. I think our only chance with him is to convince him that he must choose between death or silence and a thousand dollars. The most honorable boy values his life above all else in the world. At least that is my opinion."

"Well, try him," said Stockbridge.

Judson took a revolver out of the drawer of the table and, rising, went to the place where Billy was confined. He opened the door and told the boy to step out.

"Young man," Judson said, when Billy came out, "do you see this revolver?"

"I do," replied Billy.

"Very well. Remember, I have it and don't try to cut up with us. My friend and I have talked the case over and we have decided to offer you \$1,000 in good money for your silence. If you refuse this excellent proposition we will be compelled to put you out of the way. We are not bloodthirsty enough to be anxious to cut your career short. We had rather not do it; but you see if you refuse to compromise we have either got to sacrifice everything and go to prison for probably twenty years, or settle you. Twenty

years in the penitentiary would mean the blotting out of the best part of our lives if we survived the term. You are a comparative stranger to us. Can we sacrifice ourselves for you? Well, hardly. You see how the case stands. What's your answer? Weigh your decision well, for your life hangs on it."

"The only compromise I'm willing to make with you is this: I don't want your money, and you can't buy my silence. I will agree, however, to give you a chance to escape the penalty of your crime. Shut up shop here, destroy your press, the notes you have printed and the paper you have on the premises intended for bills—do this, under my inspection, and you can go your way unmolested. I will forget that you have ever been here. I think that is a fair offer on my part. It's the only offer, anyway, I'll make," said Billy.

"You forget that we are making the terms, not you," said Judson harshly.

"Your terms I can't accept."

"Are you tired of life?"

"No; but there is something I value as much as my life, and that is a clear conscience. It isn't in me to compromise with rascality. I was born that way and can't help it," said Billy.

"Then you refuse our offer?"

"I do."

Judson pushed Billy back into the woodbin and locked him in again. Then he returned to the table.

"You heard his decision," he said to Stockbridge.

The man nodded.

"Well, he's got to die. That's all there is to it."

"It's murder, and I'm opposed to it."

"I'm not stuck on killing him, but I see no way out of it."

"We could take him away to some place and keep him prisoner until you finish the printing."

"Where could we take him where he would be safe? Would you agree to watch him for two or three weeks?"

"I'd do anything to avoid discovery and the consequences of it."

"Where would you take him?"

"I've got an idea," said Stockbridge suddenly.

"What is it?"

"Sixteen miles from here there is a private madhouse, kept by a certain Doctor Jackley, whom I have heard is not overscrupulous about taking in patients if he is well paid for their keep. We'll dope the boy and then I'll hire an auto and take him there to-night. A good round bribe will induce the doctor to keep him for a month, at any rate. Inside of that time you can finish up the printing, get rid of your paraphernalia and the three of us will be able to work off a considerable quantity of the bills. We'll drop them between here and the Pacific Coast, and try and plant the balance in San Francisco. Then we'll take a steamer for Australia and work our way around to Europe. What do you think about it?"

"We'll do that. There will be no need of killing the boy, and in a month he'll be set at liberty. I guess we'd better make his term at the madhouse six weeks to provide against any slip in our program. We can't very well dope him, as he wouldn't drink anything we offered him, so

"we'll tie him to a chair and then chloroform him. I've got some in the house. That will put him to sleep long enough for you to carry out your plan," said Judson.

The matter being decided, Judson placed a chair near the woodbin. Billy was told to come out.

"We're going to tie you up for the night," said Judson, "and give you till the morning to come to terms with us."

The two men then pushed the young blacksmith into the chair and tied him in an easy way with a rope around his body and arms. Then Judson went upstairs and got the chloroform. He saturated a cloth with it and when he went back to the cellar he threw it over the boy's face. Billy, suspecting that they really intended to kill him, put up a desperate but useless struggle. In a few minutes he lay unconscious. An hour later he was lifted into a waiting auto and driven away by Stockbridge. It was close to midnight when the machine reached the madhouse. Stockbridge rang for admission, and after some delay the man in charge of the gate appeared and demanded his business.

"I must see Doctor Jackley at once. I have a patient for him who must be taken in to-night," said Stockbridge.

The man said he'd have to see the doctor. In the end the auto was admitted and the counterfeiter interviewed the proprietor of the establishment. For a bribe of \$1,000—\$250 down, and the balance in three instalments, the doctor agreed to keep Billy in the institution for six weeks, at the end of which time the boy was to be drugged, carried to a certain town, and left to his own resources. Stockbridge paid the first money and took his departure as Billy was carried into the building.

CHAPTER XII.—The Private Madhouse.

When Billy recovered his senses he found himself in bed in a small room, the furniture of which consisted of the iron cot he was on, one chair, a washstand made of heavy wire, holding a metallic bowl and pitcher, a soap-dish and a small towel, and a small looking-glass above a shelf holding a comb and brush. The early sunlight was shining through a narrow window protected on the outside with iron bars, like a prison cell. Billy was astonished at his strange surroundings. His first impression was that he was a prisoner in an upper room of the Judson house, though he did not remember that any window of the house was provided with iron bars. He jumped out of bed and went to the window. There he was greeted with another surprise. He was on the third floor of a building surrounded by a high stone wall topped with sharp spikes, and the landscape was strange to him. Clearly, he had been carried off from the Judson house, and from Davenport, to a house in some locality he was unacquainted with. He tried the door of the room and found it was secured on the other side.

"I'm a prisoner all right," he muttered. "Those chaps intend to hold on to me until they complete their rascally work and are ready to skip, then probably I'll be released when they feel

safe in letting me go. I wonder how long that will be? And I wonder how far from Davenport I am?"

As Billy could find no answer to his questions, he proceeded to dress himself. Then he sat down by the window and looked down at the grounds inside of the wall, at the walls and at the country around about. His room faced the rear prospect, and the space between the building and the wall had the appearance of a well-kept yard. The presence of the spiked wall puzzled the boy not a little. Taken in connection with the barred window, it looked something like a jail, or perhaps an institution of some kind. While he was ruminating on his predicament, the door was unlocked and a rough-looking man entered with a tray containing his breakfast—a bowl of oatmeal and milk, a small piece of steak, two small corn cakes and a cup of coffee. The man put the tray down on the bed and motioned that Billy was to eat.

"That's my breakfast, eh?" said the boy. "I'm ready for it; but, I say, what place is this, and by what right am I confined here?"

The man made no answer, but turned about and left the room, locking the door after him. Billy ate his meal and in a short time the man came after the dishes. The boy tried to get the fellow to talk, but he wouldn't, and so he continued in the dark concerning his surroundings.

As soon as he was alone again, Billy hoisted the window and got a more extended view of the place, as far as the bars permitted. He saw a railroad train in the distance, also a glimpse of a winding country road. He could make out several farmhouses, and saw field hands at work. By and by his ears were saluted with a medley of strange sounds proceeding from a room below. The house seemed to be well populated. After a while he heard a noise against one of the walls of his room. It sounded like sawing. He listened, and was sure somebody was at work on the wall. There was a fall of plaster and the sound suddenly ceased for a while, when it was resumed again. There came the sound of footsteps in the corridor outside his door. The noise on the wall stopped altogether. His door was thrown open and Dr. Jackley with an attendant entered the room. He looked at Billy with critical attention.

"So you're the Mayor of Chicago?" he said.

"What's that? What are you talking about? Who are you, anyway?" asked Billy.

"Quite mad—quite mad!" said the doctor, shaking his head.

"Who's mad?"

"Let me feel your pulse. I'm a doctor. I want to see what your condition is this morning."

"Don't you worry about my condition; it's all right. Perhaps you'll tell me where I am?"

"You're at your summer residence in the country, mayor."

"What's the matter with me?" Billy asked, adopting a new line of talk in the hope of drawing his visitor out.

"You are afflicted with softening of the brain," replied the doctor.

"Oh, I am?"

"You are. You imagine that you are the Mayor of Chicago."

"I do?"

"And that you own half of the city. The consequence is your friends have brought you here to be treated."

His words gave the boy a shock. He had read about madhouses and always had a horror of them.

"Is this really a madhouse?" Billy asked earnestly.

"It is."

"Who is the proprietor of it?"

"I am."

"I thought you said you were a doctor?"

"So I am. I am a specialist on diseases of the brain."

"Then you ought to know that I'm pretty far from being a lunatic."

"You have been properly committed to my care on a certificate signed by several well-known Chicago physicians. I couldn't lawfully accept you as a patient here without such a certificate."

Dr. Jackley's statement was, of course, a lie.

"If such a certificate was handed to you when I was brought here, it was forged by the rascals who want me kept out of the way. You had better investigate it and you'll find there's nothing in it. My name is William Blake, and I live in Davenport, with a distant relative named John Hooley, a blacksmith. If you send to him, you'll soon find that I never was in Chicago in my life, and that I am no more crazy than you are yourself," said Billy.

The doctor smiled indulgently.

"I was told that you would tell me all this," he said. "It is another phase of your malady. One day you imagine you're the Mayor of Chicago, and on the next you insist that you are a blacksmith. On the third you claim to be a circus performer who is fired from the cannon at the performances. Another of your illusions is that you are a Secret Service detective, and have discovered a counterfeiting plant in a house near where you have lived. You see, my young friend, I have a full history of your malady. Your friends have brought you to the right place to have you cured, if you can be cured. I shall keep you under observation and examine you daily. If you are tractable and give me no trouble, I shall have great hopes of effecting a cure in you within six weeks, in which case you will be discharged and returned to your friends. If you behave violently and give us a lot of trouble, you will have to be placed in a strait-jacket in a padded cell in the dark and fed on bread and water till you are calmed down. I am not sure you understand what I am saying to you, but you look as if this was one of your lucid moments, so I have gone to the trouble of explaining matters. If you behave yourself, I shall take it as a favorable sign. You will be well fed, allowed a book to read if you wish so, and occasionally permitted to exercise yourself under the eyes of one of my keepers in the garden below. Then in six weeks you——"

"I see," said Billy. "You have been paid to keep me here for six weeks so that the rascals who fetched me here can complete their crooked work and make their escape? I think before the six weeks get around my friends will be able to trace me, and then you'll have to explain why you, a specialist in brain troubles, accepted me, a perfectly sane boy, as a lunatic afflicted with softening of the brain."

The doctor smiled.

"The certificate is my authority for taking you in," he said.

"But I have told you it is forged. It is up to you to investigate it."

"I never investigate certificates signed by reputable physicians."

"How do you know that the names signed to it are those of reputable doctors?"

"I have other certificates from them in my safe."

Thus speaking, the doctor walked out, the door was locked, and Billy was alone once more.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Man with the Red Beard.

Billy was a shrewd lad, and he easily saw through Dr. Jackley's significant talk.

"I'll make it hot for this doctor when I get out," the boy muttered. "I will tell the authorities of Davenport that I was kept here so as to give the counterfeiters time to complete the printing of their money and clear out in safety, and I guess the government will handle this doctor without gloves."

While he was thinking the matter over he heard the noise in the wall again. He wondered what was the meaning of it. It looked to him as if some person was cutting an opening through the wall into his room, no doubt from a room beyond. The noise ceased again when an attendant appeared with a book for Billy to pass the time with, but it was resumed when the man went away and the corridor was once more silent. In about half an hour the plaster suddenly gave way in chunks. An instrument in the hands of some person out of sight rapidly widened the hole until it was large enough for a small man to crawl through. Then a head, with a bushy red beard, appeared through the opening and looked around the room. Billy's eyes and those of the intruder met.

"Well, who are you, and what did you make that hole for?" asked the boy.

"I thought this room was empty. When were you brought here? I've never seen you before," said the man.

"I was brought here last night. I suppose you're a patient, too?"

"I am."

"You don't talk like a crazy man. Why should you be kept here against your will?"

"You're not crazy yourself. I can see that. Why are you shut up here against your will?"

"Because I fell into the power of a couple of rascals whose crooked work I got wind of. To prevent me from exposing them, they drugged me last night and then brought me here to remain for a matter of six weeks if I can't manage to make my escape before that time."

"I was put here to force me to divulge a secret."

"A secret?" said Billy.

"Yes. The secret of a buried treasure which I discovered. But I'll never do it. I'll die and rot here first," said the man, with desperate earnestness.

When the man mentioned that he held the secret of a buried treasure, Billy, for the first time, began to entertain a suspicion of his sanity. In his opinion, buried treasures existed only in the

pages of story-books. Therefore, he hadn't much faith in buried treasures.

"So you know the secret of a buried treasure, do you?" said Billy skeptically.

"I do."

"What does it amount to?"

"Nearly \$100,000 in gold."

"That's a lot of money. So you were confined in this place because you would not tell certain people where it is hidden?"

"That's it."

"When you found they had the bulge on you why didn't you offer to compromise?"

"Because the money is all mine and they have no right to a dollar of it."

"Did they offer to compromise?"

"Yes. They agreed to set me at liberty if I would give them half of it."

"I should think you would have taken them up. Half of that money, with freedom, is better than none of it and captivity."

"They wouldn't have kept faith with me. They wouldn't let me go until I told them first, then I know they would have kept me here anyway till I died."

"It seems to me you're in a bad predicament."

"I have made several attempts to escape, all of which have been failures. This room has been vacant for two weeks. I decided to bore my way into it, expecting to find the door unlocked. Then I intended to lie in wait for the keeper who comes up here at stated times. My plan was to knock him out, dress myself in his clothes, and then make my escape from the building and grounds," said the man. "Now that you are here, the door, of course, is locked and my plans are a failure."

"Maybe not. I want to escape as much as you do. Perhaps we can overcome the keeper together," said Billy.

The man with the red beard was desperate enough to undertake anything that promised success, so he crawled through the hole and sat down on the bed to await the coming of the keeper.

"Say, how came you to find a treasure of one hundred thousand dollars, and why didn't you take possession of it at the time you found it?" asked Billy, more to engage the man in conversation than because he believed in the treasure.

The man said that he and two cousins went shooting one season three years previous on the southern shores of the State of Wisconsin. He got separated from the others one afternoon and found the treasure concealed in a hollow tree. He opened one bag and found it contained \$20 gold pieces, with a memorandum of the amount hidden in the tree. He marked the location of the tree very carefully and returned to camp with the one bag, which he showed to his cousins.

He foolishly said there were many more bags where he found that. Their cupidity was excited and they wanted him to divide the treasure in three equal parts. He refused to do that, and after that they watched him so closely that he dared not revisit the tree. He determined to do it later by himself, and the party returned home. Before he had made his arrangements to go after the treasure, his cousins drugged him one night and brought him to the madhouse, where he had been ever since. They told him he would remain here till he died unless he told them ex-

actly where the treasure was. Such was the story of the man with the red beard, who said his name was Barnum, and he told it so straight that Billy began to believe him.

"If you help me to escape, my lad," he said, "we will both go to the place where the treasure is and I will give you half of it. That will be a fortune for you, and half of it is enough for me. Then I shall have my cousins arrested and punished. They are guilty of a crime that will send them both to prison for many years, and so I will have revenge on them."

At that moment there was the sound of footsteps in the corridor.

"There's the keeper," said Barnum. "Now try and get him to open the door."

He glided into the corner, and Billy pushed the bed against the wall to hide the hole. The young blacksmith pounded on the door and then went back to the window. Presently a wicket was raised and the keeper peered into the room.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want you to bring me some drinking water," Billy replied.

"Drink out of your pitcher," said the keeper.

"I tried to, but it's rotten. Bring me some decent water."

The man went away without saying whether he would do so or not. In a little while he came back and peered in through the wicket. Seeing the boy still sitting by the window, he ventured to unlock the door. He opened it far enough to push in a small pitcher. Before he could close it the man with the red beard grabbed the handle and pulled it open. With a blow of his fist he stretched the crouching keeper senseless on the floor. Then he dragged him into the room.

"Now to escape!" he said.

"How can we do it in broad daylight?" asked Billy.

"We'll manage it somehow."

In the man's hip pocket was a loaded revolver.

"You take this and fight your way to the back gate. I'll pretend to be in chase of you, for with this fellow's clothes on I'll be taken for a keeper. Thus we may get outside the wall. Once outside, I defy any man to bring me back. With the revolver we can keep the others at bay and make our escape."

While he was speaking he was taking the keeper's clothes off. He put them on himself, with the man's hat. Then they both tied the half-dressed keeper and gagged him with pieces of the sheet and the towel. Barnum opened the door and looked out. The corridor was deserted.

"Come," he said, "it's a good time to make the effort for liberty. All the other keepers are watching the patients in the garden."

He stepped out of the room and Billy followed him, locking the keeper in.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

Billy and the man with the red beard slipped over to the stairway and looked down. As far as they could see, there was no one on the floor below, which was the second, so they went down.

"You go ahead. Remember, I'm supposed to be following you. There is a door at the back of the ground floor leading into the yard. It is probably not locked at this time of the day."

Make for the back gate where the supplies are taken in. You will find it locked and barred, and the key is in the possession of the yard man. Watch your chance and with a stick or stone hit the bell over the gate and then hide. That will bring the yard man to the gate. When he opens it rush upon him and knock him down. I will keep watch from the back door. When I see you dash out I will start after you and chase you down the lane. Use the revolver, if necessary."

Thus spoke Barnum. Then Billy descended the stairs, followed by his companion. With the weapon ready for action, Billy glided to the back door, found it unlocked, opened it and looked out into the yard. A broom stood against the house. He took it and walked over to the gate. With a dexterous swing he rang the bell and then hid behind an outhouse. The jangle of the bell fetched the yard man. He unbarred and unlocked the gate. When Barnum saw the boy dash at the man, he rushed forward to help him if necessary. Billy, however, struck the man down with the butt of his revolver and ran outside. Barnum rushed after him as if in chase. The cook saw part of the incident and hastened to give the alarm. By the time a second keeper joined in the chase the fugitives had reached the road. Billy ran on, followed by Barnum at a little distance. He made no effort to overtake the boy until they struck a turn in the road. Then they continued their flight abreast.

"We had better cut across the field," said Barnum, "for the doctor is bound to send his auto with several keepers, and they would easily overtake us if we kept to the road."

Accordingly, they took to the field and kept on till they reached a crossroad that in due time carried them into the village of Bingham. Inquiry developed that they were fourteen miles from Davenport. They got lunch at a bake shop and then walked five miles to a trolley line which went to Davenport. When they reached that town they went directly to police headquarters, where Billy told his story. A patrol wagon and several officers, with Billy and Barnum, drove to the Judson house, passing the blacksmith shop en route.

The house was surrounded, the back door smashed in and the party entered. Judson and Stockbridge were found at work in the cellar. They put up a fight and wounded two of the policemen before they were captured. The evidence of their counterfeiting business was very apparent, and the police took possession of everything but the press. The Treasury Department officials were notified, and sent men on to look into the case and take charge of the prisoners and the paraphernalia of the business. In the meanwhile Billy went home and took Barnum with him. His story created something of a sensation in the family. It also created a big sensation in town when the particulars were printed in the afternoon papers. At Billy's request Barnum was invited to stay at the house for a few days.

While waiting for the grand jury to consider the case, Billy and Barnum hired an auto and started for the locality where the treasure was hidden. They made a pleasure trip of it, and finally reached the unsettled part of the State. Providing themselves with a store of provisions,

they entered on the last stage of their journey. Barnum found it no easy matter to locate the place where he and his cousins had camped at the time he discovered the treasure, but they found it at last. There they left the auto and proceeded on foot to hunt for the hollow tree.

The tree, Barnum said, was close to the shore of Lake Superior, and its gnarled dead trunk bore a peculiar shape, very different from any other tree in its vicinity.

"Do you see that island yonder?" he said.

"Yes."

"You notice two tall chimney-like rocks on it?"

"I do."

"We must bring those two rocks in line so they will appear as one rock, then we will be close to the treasure-tree."

It was an easy matter to get the two tall rocks in line. When they did, Barnum walked straight forward, counting his steps. At the fortieth step he stopped and began looking for a stake he had driven there. Billy's sharp eyes soon found it. Turning direct to the left, Barnum counted off thirty feet, and there, right before them, stood the fantastic-shaped dead tree, which, the man declared, looked just as it had three years before.

An inspection of its interior revealed nine bags of money, each containing \$10,000 in gold, or \$90,000 in all. They carried them to the automobile in two trips. Then they made a fire and cooked a pot of coffee, and opening their basket of provisions, made a very good meal. Having successfully achieved the object of their journey, they started on their return to Chester.

The gold was deposited in Barnum's bank and he drew \$45,000 in bills and passed the money over to Billy, thus keeping his agreement to divide the treasure evenly with the boy who had helped him to escape from the madhouse. The complaint made to the authorities by Billy and Barnum led to the breaking up of Dr. Jackley's establishment and the freeing of thirty-odd perfectly sane persons who had been kept there for varying lengths of time. The stories told by these people as to the cause of their imprisonment resulted in the prosecution of a number of well-known persons, and the righting of divers wrongs. Billy returned to Davenport in time to appear against the two burglars, who were convicted and sent to prison for ten years each, and also to testify against the two counterfeiters. The latter rascals got a long term each, and shortly after their conviction the Treasury Department forwarded a check for \$10,000 to Billy Blake as a reward for his services in the case.

Mr. Carter gave Billy a valuable present in testimony of his appreciation of the boy's grit, and at his suggestion the young blacksmith quit the forge and anvil and went to work in his factory, where he eventually rose to the position of general superintendent. Before he got so high as that, he had won Bessie for his wife. He invested the greater part of his fortune in his father-in-law's factory, and eventually he will be the sole owner, as Mr. Carter intends to leave his interest to his wife in trust for his daughter.

Next week's issue will contain "SHARP & SMART, THE YOUNG BROKERS, AND HOW THEY MADE A MILLION"

CURRENT NEWS

COAL DISCOVERY IN ONTARIO

Great interest has been aroused over the reported discovery of anthracite coal at Shelburne, Ont., a village in Dufferin county, sixty-five miles from Toronto. While boring an artesian well a local farmer struck at a depth of 100 feet a twenty-five foot seam of hard black substance, pronounced by those who have seen the specimen brought to the surface by the drill to be true coal and probably high-grade anthracite.

CART OFF SAFE AND \$3,000

Persons living in the vicinity of the private bank and steamship agency of Felix Sarubbi, at 174 Oak street, Yonkers, N. Y., were aroused at the milkman's hour the other morning by the rumble of an automobile and the voices of several men who appeared to occupy it. Presently it seemed that some one was moving, but Sarubbi's neighbors didn't get out of bed.

When employees of the bank reported for work a few hours later, they discovered that a two-ton safe, holding \$3,000, had been removed by burglars.

TWO CONVICTS MAKE ESCAPE FROM AUBURN

Joseph Patnode, 39, and Charles Riley, 20, convicts, escaped from Auburn Prison October 23 and are still at large. They were employed on the night shift in the new factory that is making the State automobile licenses, now operating under rush orders. Although roll is called every half-hour, and they responded at 2 A. M., they were missing at the 2.30 rollcall. Investigation showed that they had secured two ladders from the cabinet shop. They tied them together and with a rope made out of many strands of twine let themselves down from the wall on the north side of the prison enclosure. Patnode came from Onondaga county to serve two years for assault, and Riley came from Alleghany county for three years for grand larceny.

ESKIMOS HOSPITABLE

The chill of the Arctic, even when the mercury in the thermometer hovers around 50 degrees below zero, does not extend itself to the inhabitants of the region to the same extent as the chill of the modern drawing-room in more civilized countries, judging from the report of one of the mounted police officers, who has recently made a journey through a district not previously patrolled by the police. Staff Sergeant Clay, stationed at the new Tree River detachment, on the shores of Coronation Gulf, in reporting a visit to the Kelewiktonnit tribe of Eskimos, says they had never been visited by the police until he made his fourteen-day journey across country to see them.

"We were received with the greatest hospitality by the natives," Sergeant Clay reports. "They erected a snow house and gave us food for men and dogs, and notwithstanding the fact that we were absolute strangers, the natives behaved in a remarkably courteous manner that is sometimes not met with in more civilized parts."

BOYS SETTLE DISPUTE; SCHOOLMA'AM REFEREE.

Schoolroom disputes among the boys at the Webster School in Chicago, where children of twenty-two nationalities attend classes, are not settled by arbitrary fiat of a teacher. Instead, the principal of the school, Miss Alice M. Hogge, believes in letting the boys decide their grievances with their fists, it was learned recently, and in the latest quarrel she acted as referee and second to both combatants.

It was a fight to the finish in the school basement between Salvatore Sortino and Abe Selon, both aged 12. Time was called several times to enable the combatants to rest and rinse out their mouths, and after fifteen minutes Salvatore had an unquestioned decision.

"Letting the boys fight out their troubles is the best way in a school such as the Webster," said Miss Hogge. "Of course, the fights must be fair."

"I never permit any serious injuries. A black eye or two, such as Abe got, is usually the limit. Abe was inclined to be a bully and got just what he needed. They will be friends now and we shall have no more trouble with them."

J. C. Mortensen, Superintendent of schools, declared he was in favor of Miss Hogge's method, saying it is the most successful ever tried in that school.

BACKED BY NATION'S STRENGTH.

The securities issued by the United States Government from the 25 cent Thrift Stamp to the \$20,474,330,000 worth of Liberty Bonds sold are backed by the nation's strength. Americans accept that statement as an axiom, unneeded of proof, but few realize what that broad comprehensive statement really means.

The United States has but 6 per cent. of the population of the world and 7 per cent. of the land. Yet the United States produces 20 per cent. of the world's gold, 40 per cent. of the world's lead and silver, 50 per cent. of the zinc, 52 per cent. of the coal, and 60 per cent. of the world's supply of copper.

The United States grows 25 per cent. of all the wheat grown, 60 per cent. of the cotton, and 75 per cent. of the corn. The mines and mills of American produce 40 per cent. of all the iron and steel used, and the United States operates 40 per cent. of the world's railroads.

The war left no doubt of the man power of the United States. Our production leaves no doubt of the money power of the United States. The power of every citizen and all he possesses is behind the obligations of the United States. Every element of production is behind them as well as the resources from which production comes. If you sell your Liberty Bonds at present prices when no necessity exists, merely to have something in your pocket to jingle against your keys, you discount the wealth, the resources and the future of the greatest nation of the world.

—BUY W. S. S.—

Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XIX.—(continued)

"I don't see that here," grumbled Rucker, reluctant to own up to anything he did not have to. "I don't like you, Hawley, I never will like you. All you get out of me, you'll get only by proofs."

"Not only the diary, but White's last statement, written by his numbing fingers, we have."

"Yes, indeed," interposed Madge. "We also found the poor piece of pencil which he wrote with, that probably dropped from his hand when he could no longer hold it."

"Why don't you produce all this?" shouted Rucker savagely.

"We saw no use in unduly loading ourselves unnecessarily on our trip south, which the finding of their provisions enabled Madge and me to undertake."

"But you took the sextant this far and the compass."

"Yes," declared Joe. "We wanted to verify his instruments with ours, and ours by his. For we felt reasonably certain that if both agreed, our observations were apt to be correct. We found that they did agree. Having found this, we left them here. On our final dash to the pole, our grub, sleeping bags, and our little tent, were all and more than enough to take with us."

"I'd like to see that diary," muttered Rucker obstinately.

"You will see it when we get to Owl's Head cliff. But, meantime, we've got to make what rations we have here last the six of us or we'll not get there at all."

"Right you are, Joe," said Dr. Carr. "If only you and Madge were here you would have harder pulling, but you would have plenty of grub. As it is, you need not pull so much, for we can all help; but we must deny ourselves in the matter of food."

After some talk it was agreed that each one would have about a third of the usual amount of pemmican and frozen biscuit and meat due an individual when full rations were going.

So limited was the supply of alcohol for a fire that the tea ration was cut down to half a pint a day. This was made and served at breakfast.

"Madge, you are a girl," remarked Carr. "You have already undergone frightful privations, even for a strong man. You ought to have a double ration of tea, and a double allowance of pemmican to keep up your strength."

"I second that," cried Hawley. "I don't need extras, for I'm feeling fine and fit in every way."

"You dear boy!" purred the girl with a smile. "You are as lean as can be right now. Do you think I would stint the rest of you to fill myself up, just because I'm a girl?"

"Right you are, Miss Madge," confirmed Shouse, who was growing nervous over the scarce prospect ahead. "We'll all share and share alike whatever happens."

"Why, you greedy pig!" growled Joy, giving the sailor a nudge to keep still. "If it wasn't for Mr. Hawley and Miss Barclay's divyin' up with us, where'd we be now?"

"We'd be in the soup, sure enough," said Dr. Carr, anxious to concur with Joy and avert any trouble.

"Faith!" grumbled Shouse. "Wouldn't I like to be in the soup, providin' the soup was strong and well seasoned?"

This brought a general laugh, and the matter was tided over on the theory advanced by the sailor, that all, including Madge, would share and share alike for a time at least.

After a night's rest, and a mighty slim breakfast in the morning, according to the allowance plan agreed upon, they started on the long, weary return march. By Hawley's reckoning they were not less than two hundred and fifty miles from the all-important Owl's Head cliff. If they could avoid many crevasses, and were not detained too long by snow blizzards, they might hope to reach the base of Mount Erebus in fifteen or sixteen days.

But this was only to be achieved, provided none of the many hindrances to travel which are apt to threaten a party like this, should be encountered. Or, if met, should be overcome by pluck, endurance and a reasonable show of good luck.

By following pretty much the same trail previously taken by both exploring parties when going south, the high plateau was successfully traversed, and the first range of mountains reached without anything much happening but increasing hunger and fatigue.

Fortunately the wind was generally at their backs. This enabled the tired and gaunt explorers to make better progress than was expected, and when they reached the summit of this range, the snowy regions still to be passed did not look so very formidable.

Every night Hawley made entries in the diary. When the sun was favorable, he took an observation, that was usually verified by Carr or Rucker.

The behavior of the last was calculated to put to sleep much of the apprehension he had previously excited.

Was the chief mate shamming, or was he sincere?

"I confess I don't know," owned Hawley to the doctor in one of their talks when he and Madge were drawing the sled, while Joy, Shouse and Rucker alternately pushed or walked behind.

"I'm inclined to trust him," said Carr. "He has nothing much to gain by continued hostility."

"You two may trust him if you like. But I don't."

Madge uttered this with such emphasis that the doctor was pained.

"Pshaw, Madge!" said he. "Rucker has everything to gain by being peaceable. In the first place you and Joe hold the key to our commissary. And up here, food is life."

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

PRISONER "THROWS" VOICE

Sheriff Ed Hanratty of Cleveland, O., is trying to find the jail prisoner who "throws his voice."

Hanratty says this man is responsible for curious noises which have been coming from all parts of the jail. When all the prisoners were assembled in the "bull" pen a voice sounded high above from the ceiling. "Alms, for the love of Allah," it said. "I have just come down to earth and am starving."

HOGS ATTACK WOMAN

Mrs. John H. Trout, a resident of Jefferson Township, Huntington, Ind., is confined to her bed as a result of having been attacked by five hogs. The woman ventured into the hog lot while doing her chores Sunday and one of the hogs attacked her, knocking her down. Immediately the other four joined in the attack. The noise made by the animals was heard by Mr. Trout, who arrived with a club and drove them off. No reason is assigned for the attack of the hogs, but they had so bruised Mrs. Trout by the time her husband arrived that she says she could not have escaped alone. Her clothes were torn, she suffered bruises all over her body, and in many cases the skin was pierced by the teeth of the animals.

TRAINER WHIPS LIONESS

Thousands of persons who attended the Lancaster County Pennsylvania Fair the other afternoon witnessed a battle between Rose, a vicious lioness, and Scott Bobbie, an animal trainer, in which Bobbie, though seriously bitten in one leg, fought the lioness to submission with a chair. He then collapsed and was taken to the General Hospital in an ambulance.

Rose made her leap just as Bobbie was ending his performance in a cage of five lions. The trainer was felled, but dragged himself from the cage, with blood flowing from his limb. As the multitude of spectators watched in awe, the man picked up a chair and re-entered the cage. Although almost too weak to fight he succeeded in beating the lioness back to her corner and then into a smaller cage, in which she was carted away.

CAUGHT BIG SHARK.

While the Government dredge San Pablo was moored at its dock at Eureka, Cal., two of the crew, John Newton and Mike Herdo, sighted a huge man-eating shark swimming near the stern of the vessel and decided to capture it.

The men got into a rowboat and, armed with a sharp hook, started to outmanoeuvre their prey. The shark came too near the boat and the hook was sunk into his back.

For nearly an hour he towed the little craft about the bay at high speed. It was soon nearly filled with water and the men drenched to the skin, but they held on. Finally the shark became exhausted and was towed to the dock, where he was dragged ashore by twenty men. He meas-

ured 9 feet 3 inches and weighed over 500 pounds, being the only one, so far as known, ever captured in the bay.

SEAL DOES RUNAWAY ACT

A young seal escaped from his pond at the entrance to the city park and flapped his way up Washington street, Portland, Ore., almost to the city limits, stopping one street car and frightening several pedestrians. He was captured by Patrolman Forken and taken back to his home.

The seal was donated to the park some weeks ago. An ocean breeze wafted a scent of his old haunts over the park, and the youngster flapped his way out of the pond and struck out in the general direction of the Pacific.

The escape was discovered when a motorman on a Kings Heights street car stopped to investigate a dark object on the car track. He thought some one might have fainted while out for a walk. He descended and scrutinized the body.

He induced the aquatic pedestrian to move off the track and telephoned the news to police headquarters. Patrolman Forken and Special Patrolman Finn took up the chase. Meanwhile the seal had flapped up the hill and was almost to Mount Calvary cemetery when they overtook him.

The police loaded the seal into the side car of a motorcycle and trundled him back home. He splashed into the pond with evident relish. The police say the seal wandered about one and a half miles and traveled at what would be an easy walking gait for a man. The seal weighed about 100 pounds.

SHARK FISHING IN LOWER CALIFORNIA.

The shark fishing industry is becoming increasingly important in the Ensenada Consular district, writes United States Consul William C. Burdett, stationed in Lower California. The Lower California shark, known locally as the dogfish shark, is from four to five feet long and weighs from 90 to 125 pounds. The fishing is usually done by individual fishermen working out from camps on land. The fish are caught on long set lines, on which are fifty to one hundred hooks baited with small fish or lumps of shark meat.

The fins are sold for consumption by Chinese in shark fin soup. The liver is boiled down and shark oil rendered out. Each liver gives an average of one gallon of oil. The oil is used in paints and as a leather preservative. The skins are not utilized, except for fertilizer. Frequently shark steaks are sold by Chinese in the district under the name of grayfish.

The large canneries operating fish fertilizer plants in San Diego, Cal., are eager to buy shark and the newly finished plant at Sauzal, Lower California, expects to specialize on converting shark into fish meal fertilizer. Whereas, formerly sharks caught in nets were separated out from the more valuable fish and returned to the water, they are now brought ashore, although the demand is not yet sufficient to warrant using nets for shark exclusively.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher

166 West 23d St., New York

ITEMS OF INTEREST

PARIS KILLS 10,865 RATS

A communique issued by Prefect of Police Raux at the close of the first week's battle against the rat states that 10,865 rodents were killed. According to the report of the experts, Paris had a rodent population of 8,000,000 when the drive started. This is one instance in France where the birth rate is quite superior to the death rate.

SUICIDE HOUSE

The home of Mrs. Steve Kozolko, Martin's Ferry, O., is known as the home of suicides. Within a period of four months two husbands, after shooting their wives, committed suicide. Julius Glowski, thirty-nine years of age, seriously wounded his wife, who had just returned here from Chicago. She was visiting at the Kozolko, when her husband, Steven, from whom she was separated, sought her out. Mrs. Kozolko was shot four months ago by her husband, Steven, who then committed suicide.

SILVER GONE, BRONZE TOKENS WILL BE ISSUED

The small change crisis still remains very acute in France despite the issue of fifty centime and one and two franc notes, and it has been definitely decided to issue bronze tokens, the first of which will be placed on the market this month.

The Paris Chamber of Commerce has issued 40,000,000 francs worth of small notes, but many have become soiled and torn and a large amount of the issue has found its way into the provinces, where technically it has no value. Silver change has disappeared.

BREAKS LINOTYPE RECORD.

Alder Hewitt, linotype operator on The Tribune, Salt Lake City, Oct. 26, established what is said to be the world's record for linotype composition, setting 82,500 ems in six hours and thirty-five minutes, an average of 12,540 ems an hour.

Hewitt's setting was entirely in nonpareil. The setting was in straight away composition and not in competition.

(The undersigned, who composes this, begs to state that he equals this record every day.—J. T. Poling.)

VASSAR GIRLS WAIT ON TABLE

The shortage of help at Vassar College is being solved by the students. Members of all classes have volunteered to wait on the table for one or more meals a day.

The seniors are serving in the main building for breakfast. Help from Poughkeepsie is obtained for the noon meal. In other dormitories students help serve both at breakfast and luncheon. The high school girls from Poughkeepsie help to fill out the vacancies for the evening meal.

Miss Barrett, head of the housekeeping department of the college, said there was no relief in sight and that the college girls would probably have to continue their volunteer services throughout the winter.

Vassar students are well qualified for their new "positions," especially the upper classmen. After the fire in the main building in February of 1918, and during the alterations that followed, the students served as waitresses in the other halls because of the two "shifts" necessary

LAUGHS

"Did you ever gaze on royalty?" "Just once. It cost me \$3.75, and the chap who held it drew two cards, too."

"Well, son, what have you learned at college? dad! I can do beter than that. I can put together an automobile."

"Why doesn't your wife sing to the baby when it cries?" "We've found out that the neighbors would rather listen to the baby."

Speedy ('phoning from farmhouse to garage)—I guess you will have to come and get me. I've turned turtle. Voice—This is a garage; you want the aquarium.

"I was on the stage once." "Is that so?" "Yes, and I'll have you understand that I was 'it.'" "Yes, with a capital 'N.'"

"I want to do something that will cause me to be talked about," said the ambitious man. "That's easily arranged," answered his wife. "Merely move into a strange neighborhood."

Teacher—Sammy, in the sentence "I have a book," what is the case of the pronoun I? Sammy (promptly)—Nominative case. Teacher—Next boy, tell me in what case to put the noun "book." Next boy (thoughtfully)—Bookcase.

"What! Twenty-five cents a pound for sausages? Why, I can get 'em at Schmidt's for twenty cents!" said a Yankee customer. "Vell, den, vy didn't yer?" asked the dealer. "'Cause Schmidt was out of 'em," answered the would-be purchaser. "Vell, uv I vas owit 'em I sell 'em for dwenty cents, doo," remarked the shopkeeper.

GOOD READING

FINDS SKELETON MANY YEARS OLD.

E. H. Harbroun of the State University has unearthed the skeleton of a prehistoric animal which he believes to be more than 200,000 years old. The skeleton was found in the famous fossil beds of Cook's Ranch, near Scott's Bluff, Neb. It will be preserved and sent to the University Museum, it was announced.

275,000 TONS GERMAN SHIPS AWARDED ALLIES

Germany must deliver 275,000 tons of shipping to the Allies as compensation for the sinking of the German fleet in Scapa Flow, the Reparations Commission in Paris has decided.

Germany, according to dispatches submitted to the council, will strictly observe the Allies' interpretation of the clause in the peace treaty providing that the Kiel Canal shall be free to international traffic. This is a reversal of the German Government's previous attitude, under which vessels carrying arms to Poland were stopped.

A SELF-CLEANING LIGHTING FIXTURE.

An electric fixture which cleans itself every time the light is switched on or off has been placed on the market. The fixture consists of a reflector, a pull switch, a cord, and a cleaning device comprising two wiping blades. Every time the cord is pulled to operate the switch it simultaneously brings the two wiping blades into action. Each blade makes a complete revolution, one against the reflecting surface of the reflector and the other against the lamp bulb. In this way the dirt is swept off both lamp and reflector.

LIFE OF MOSQUITOES.

It is not known just how long mosquitoes can live, but their average life is much longer than is ordinarily supposed. Thousands of them live through winter, hibernating or asleep in dark places in barns or house cellars. In sparsely settled localities, where they cannot find such places for shelter, they live through the winter in hollow trees; and, even though the temperature may fall far below freezing, they are not killed, but on the approach of warm weather become active again. Mosquitoes are frequently seen flying about in the woods before the snow has wholly left the ground.

THE FASTEST BOAT IN THE WORLD

That amazing little craft, "Miss America," after winning the Harmsworth Cup in British waters was brought back to America and entered as a contestant in the Gold Cup Regatta, which was held on the Detroit River. She not only won the one-mile championship trials for the Lake George trophy, but secured several other trophies. The contesting boats had to make six one-mile dashes over the mile course. In one trial, which had to be thrown out because only three of the six watches got her time, "Miss America" was clocked at the rate of 78.94 miles

an hour. The average time for the six dashes credited the little boat with an official speed of 76.73 miles an hour. Her best official run was made at a speed of 77.85 miles an hour. The performance was very consistent, as will be seen from the following timings: First mile, 47.06 seconds; second mile, 46.2 seconds; third mile, 47.1 seconds; fourth mile, 46.6 seconds; fifth mile, 47.3 seconds; sixth mile, 46.6 seconds.

Only one other hydroplane competed in these trials, the "Miss New Orleans," which made an average speed of 58.35 miles per hour, with a fastest lap of an even sixty miles. We show an illustration of the start of displacement boats with stock marine motors for the Fisher trophy. It was won by the "Rainbow," of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club, with an average speed of 39.48 miles an hour, and a maximum speed of 40.75 miles. The "Miss America" is a diminutive craft with an enormous horsepower for her weight. She has a single step, and is driven by two Liberty motors with a combined horsepower of 800.

TEN-YEAR SILENCE BROKEN.

"Corkey the Silent," the prisoner at the Charlestown state prison who has maintained an unbroken silence for the last ten years, was freed October 27, and he broke that long silence with just one word, "Sure." Then he lapsed into silence again, answering all questions and making all his queries with a paper and pencil. For twelve hours after his release he had not uttered another word.

Neither his meeting with relatives as a free man nor the sight of the strange things that have come to pass in the outside world since the prison doors closed upon him twenty-five years ago, unloosened the tongue of Patrick J. Hanley. After an automobile ride around the city, Hanley went to the home of his sister, in Cliftondale. He had said nothing up to the time he went to bed.

"Corkey's" one spoken word came when he was asked if he would like to go on the stage.

"Sure!" said "Corkey," and then shut up like a clam. It is understood his sister and he will go West, where he intends to start life anew. That his tongue had already caused him enough trouble was the only explanation of his silence that he ever made, and this was in writing:

After he had signed his release papers, Hanley was interviewed. On his part, the interview was all in writing. He asked for information concerning his former friends, a number of whom he was told were now dead.

He wrote that he felt as young as he did in 1884. His hair, however, during the long term of imprisonment, has grown snowy white. He wears it pompadour.

He seemed greatly concerned about a collection of odds and ends he has been gathering and the curious articles he has made while in prison. He declared they were worth \$10,000, and he besought the newspaper men to see they were well taken care of. He wrote that "twenty-five reporters should take over my museum."

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

HUNTING IN AUTOS

Times have changed in Alaska from the days when trappers mushed over the snow fields to hunt for game. Citizens of Fairbanks are hunting caribou by automobiles, so say recent arrivals. Automobiles are coming into their own in the Territory, and the bureau is advised that "the days of real sport" around the Northern Alaska town are featured by motoring out to the herd, where thousands of caribou are leisurely grazing, bagging a few animals, dumping the carcasses into the tonneau of the car and driving back with the winter's meat supply.

MILK FROM PEANUTS

The common peanut is the source of a new substitute for milk which so closely resembles its prototype that it turns sour and curdles, produces buttermilk when churned and may be made into cheese. The flavor, in which the nut characteristically persists, is declared to be practically its only point of variance with cow's milk. The new lacteal product originated in the laboratory of an American university where the peanut kernels are converted into four times their volume of milk, varying from 4 to 8 per cent in fat content and from 2.4 to 3.3 per cent in protein. The cost of production is said to be considerably less than the market price of dairy milk.

FAINTS FOR FILMS

Local judges are considering adopting masks hereafter when they dine in public. One of the most popular members of the bench, Judge Maurice Bernon, while lunching at the Hotel Statler, Cleveland, O., was startled by the tragic actions of a beautiful young woman who, after giving vent to some subdued screams, rushed over to his table and fainted at his feet. The gallant jurist hastened to raise her up and apply ice water. She promptly came to and thanked him—not for bringing her back to earth, but for his lifelike acting in what she sweetly explained was a scene in a movie. The cameraman escaped before the judge could thunder out an injunction.

HERMIT TEN YEARS ON ISLAND.

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 26.—Charles H. Hardenburg, of Trenton, N. J., formerly a student at Princeton University, returned to civilization recently after living a hermit's life for ten years on Watts Island, in Chesapeake Bay.

Mr. Hardenburg is a brother of Dr. Daniel S. Hardenburg, of Jersey City. He went to the island primarily to regain his health, but incidentally to win a wager made with a friend that he could live ten years on an island without the companionship of man or woman.

His health became impaired while at Princeton through overwork. Accompanied by his brother, Hardenburg came to Virginia, picked out Watts Island arbitrarily and took up his abode there. To prevent his being molested Dr. Hardenburg bought the island and stocked it with farm im-

plements, food and horses. Each year since that day Hardenburg has left his island once to stock up on provisions and clothes, going either to Onancock, Va., or Crisfield, Md.

Soon the horses died, and Hardenburg gave up agricultural life. He spent time with the library of books he had brought with him and at what fish and crabs he could catch.

The cold winters he survived without difficulty, as his supply of clothes was adequate and the house he had fashioned was snug and well protected from the weather. Canned and dried food that he had brought from the nearest markets supplied his needs through the winter months, and when he was not out exercising in the winds he was devoting himself to hard study. Occasional ships passed the island, but through the ten years Hardenburg had no one with whom to converse.

He leaves the island much improved in health.

While at Princeton Hardenburg was an intimate friend of Joseph Tumulty, now secretary to President Wilson.

"THE WAY TO BECOME A MOVING PICTURE ACTRESS" is in "Moving Picture Stories," No. 326. Get a copy. Price 7 cents; postage free. HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

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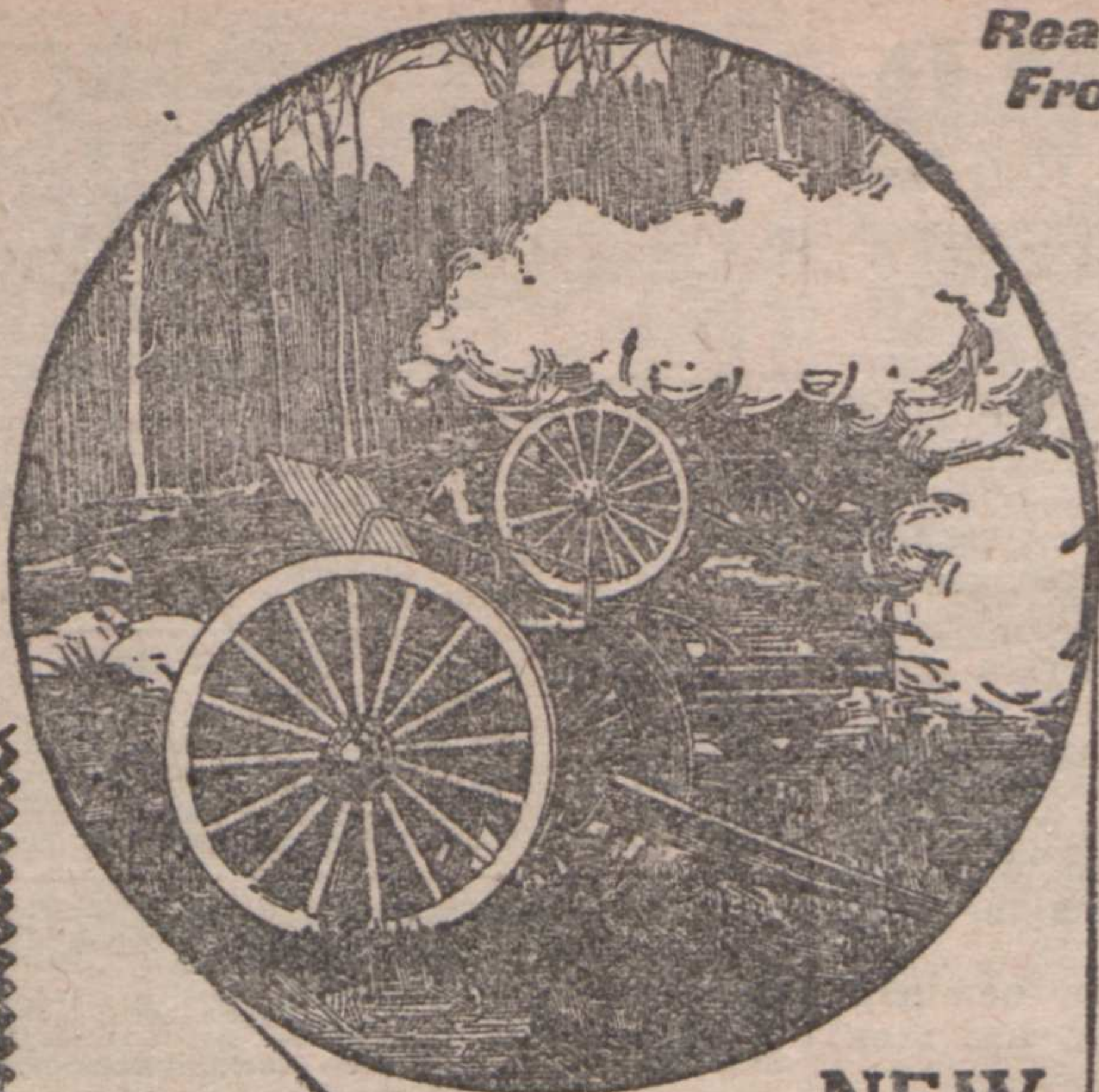
HARRY E. WOLFF, Pub., 166 W. 23d St., N. Y.

CATFISH USED IN STREET CLEANING.

In one of the towns of Oregon the familiar catfish figures as a hardy pioneer, and a valued adjunct to the street department, all because the terra cotta sewers and drains, especially those in the lower part of the town frequently get choked.

If the sewer is not broken it can be cleaned by passing a rope through it to be pulled backward and forward until the obstruction is loosened and removed. The deputy superintendent of streets had a great deal of such work to look after, but at last he discovered a quick, sure and easy method.

He goes to the river, catches a catfish, ties a string to its tail, drops it down a manhole into the sewer, and it at once starts for the river and forces its way through any obstruction not as solid as brick, dragging the string after it. Then the deputy goes as far down the sewer as he deems necessary and picks up the string, which he uses to draw a wire through the sewer, and with this a rope is pulled through and the sewer is soon cleared.



**A Real
Moving
Picture
Show in
Your Own Home**

**NEW
ELECTRIC
MODEL**

Remember, this is a Genuine Moving Picture Machine and the motion pictures are clear, sharp and distinct.

The Moving Picture Machine is finely constructed, and carefully put together by skilled workmen. It is made of Russian Metal, has a beautiful finish, and is operated by a finely constructed mechanism, consisting of an eight wheel movement, etc. The projecting lenses are carefully ground and adjusted, triple polished, standard double extra reflector, throwing a ray of light many feet, and enlarging the picture on the screen up to three or four feet in area.

It is not a toy; it is a solidly constructed and durable Moving Picture Machine. The mechanism is exceedingly simple, and is readily operated by the most inexperienced. The pictures shown by this marvelous Moving Picture Machine are not the common, crude and lifeless Magic Lantern variety, but are life-like photographic reproductions of actual scenes, places and people, which never tire its audiences. This Moving Picture Machine has caused a rousing enthusiasm wherever it is used.

This Moving Picture Machine which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and life-like Moving Pictures as are shown at any regular Moving Picture show. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. This Machine and Box of Film are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for how to get this Marvelous Machine.

How You Can Get This Great Moving Picture Machine—Read My Wonderful Offer to You

HERE IS what you are to do in order to get this amazing Moving Picture Machine and the real Moving Pictures: Send your name and address—that is all. Write name and address very plainly. Mail to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 20 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. These pictures are printed in many colors and among the titles are such subjects as "Betsy Ross Making the First American Flag"—"Washington at Home,"—"Battle of Lake Erie," etc. I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 40-cent offer among the people you know. When you have distributed the 20 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$8.00. Send the \$8.00 to me and I will immediately send you FREE the Moving Picture Machine with complete Outfit and the Box of Film.

50,000 of these machines have made 50,000 boys happy. Answer at once. Be the first in your town to get one.

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Read These Letters From Happy Boys!

Shows Clear Pictures

I have been very slow in sending you an answer. I received my Moving Picture Machine a few weeks ago and I think it is a dandy, and it shows the pictures clear just as you said it would. I am very proud of it. I thank you very much for it and I am glad to have it. I gave an entertainment two days after I got it. Leopold Lamontagne, 54 Summer Ave., Central Falls, R. I.

Sold His for \$10.00 and Ordered Another

Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for \$10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Ebereth, Mandan, N. Dak.

Would Not Give Away for \$25.00

My Moving Picture Machine is a good one and I would not give it away for \$25.00. It's the best machine I ever had and I wish everybody could have one. Addie Bresky, Jeunesville, Pa. Box 34.

Better Than a \$12.00 Machine

I am slow about turning in my thanks to you, but my Moving Picture Machine is all right. I have had it a long time and it has not been broken yet. I have seen a \$12.00 Machine but would not swap mine for it. Robert Lineberry, care of Revolution Store, Greenboro, N. C.



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Simply cut out this Free Coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper, mail to me with your name and address written plainly, and I will send you the 20 Pictures at once. Address

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USE
COUPON**

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Got New Growth of Hair by
Indian's Recipe

Will Send It Free

I am a business man. At the age of 66 I have a superb hair growth where formerly I was bald.

I was told by an eminent expert that never could any hair grow because the roots were extinct.

A Cherokee Indian "medicine man" proved to me that the roots of my hair were yet alive after having been imbedded in my scalp like bulbs or seeds in a bottle, needing only proper fertilizing. This is said often to be the case with persons who imagine they are permanently bald.

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The recipe I am willing to send free to you if you enclose a stamp for return postage. Address: John Hart Brittain, 150 East Thirty-second St., (BB-103) New York, N. Y.

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Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. **Loads of fun.** Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents.

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FIRST BATHTUB IN AMERICA

Like other great reforms, physical and intellectual, the bathtub had to fight its way onward and upward in spite of the habits of mankind. Baths flourished in the ancient Roman civilization.

The first bathtub in the United States, an exchange says, was built in Cincinnati and installed in a home there in 1842. It was made of mahogany lined with sheet lead and was proudly exhibited by its owner at a Christmas party. Next day it was denounced in the Cincinnati papers as a luxurious, undemocratic vanity. Then came the medical men and declared it a menace to health. In 1843 Philadelphia tried to prohibit bathing between November 1 and March 15 by ordinance. Virginia taxed bathtubs \$30 a year. In 1845 Boston made bathing unlawful except when prescribed by a physician, and President Fillmore installed the first one ever in the White House.

These things seem incredible in an age when transient hotel accommodations include a bathroom, but sanitation is a recent development. A southern Ohio lawyer went to Columbus a few years ago, and when he registered at the hotel the clerk asked him if he wanted a room with bath. The guest thoughtfully rubbed the stubble on his chin and replied: "No; I'll be home by Saturday." The other is that of a newly rich lady who was showing a friend of her days of poverty the very elaborate bathroom in her new home. It was a sizzling hot August night. "La, how you must enjoy that tub!" she exclaimed. "Indeed I do," was the response. "I can hardly wait for Saturday night to come!"

WHY DO THEY CALL IT PIN MONEY

This expression originally came from the allowance which a husband gave his wife to purchase pins. At one time pins were dreadfully expensive, so that only wealthy people could afford them, and they were saved so carefully that in those days you could not have looked along the pavement and found a pin which you happened to be in need of, as you can and often do to-day.

By a curious law the manufacturers of pins were only allowed to sell them on Jan. 1 and 2 each year, and so when those days came around the women whose husbands could afford it secured pin money from them and went out and got their pins.

Pins have become so very cheap in these days that we are rather careless with them, but the expression has continued to live, although to-day, when used, it means any allowance of money which a husband gives a wife for her personal expenses.

Pins were known and used as long ago as 1347 A. D. They were introduced into England in 1540.

HIGH MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

Colorado easily holds the record as being the banner State in the country for the largest number of high mountain peaks. According to statistics recently issued by the Colorado Mountain Club that State has forty-two of the fifty-five highest named peaks in the United States. The minimum height of mountains included in the list is 14,000 feet. The highest peak in Colorado is Mount Elbert, which is credited by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey with a height of 14,419 feet. It is only exceeded by Mount Whitney in California, the highest peak in the country, having an altitude of 14,01 feet. After Mount Elbert comes Mount Rainier in the State of Washington, 14,408 feet. Mount Massive, in Colorado, ranks fourth, 14,404 feet, and Blanco Peak in the same State is fifth, 14,390 feet.

Recent measurements, says the Colorado Mountain Club, have reduced the elevations of Mount of the Holy Cross and Buckskin Mountain, placing them below the 14,000 foot, class. The name of Crestone has been given to the peak formerly known as Three Tetons and Glacier Mountain has been named Mount Wilson.



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Special Offer: Send name and address and we will send this beautiful watch by parcel post. Pay \$3.75 and watch is yours. Owing to advancing prices this offer for limited time only. Free—A gold plated chain and charm. **FISHLEIGH WATCH CO., Dept. 192 Chicago, Ill.**



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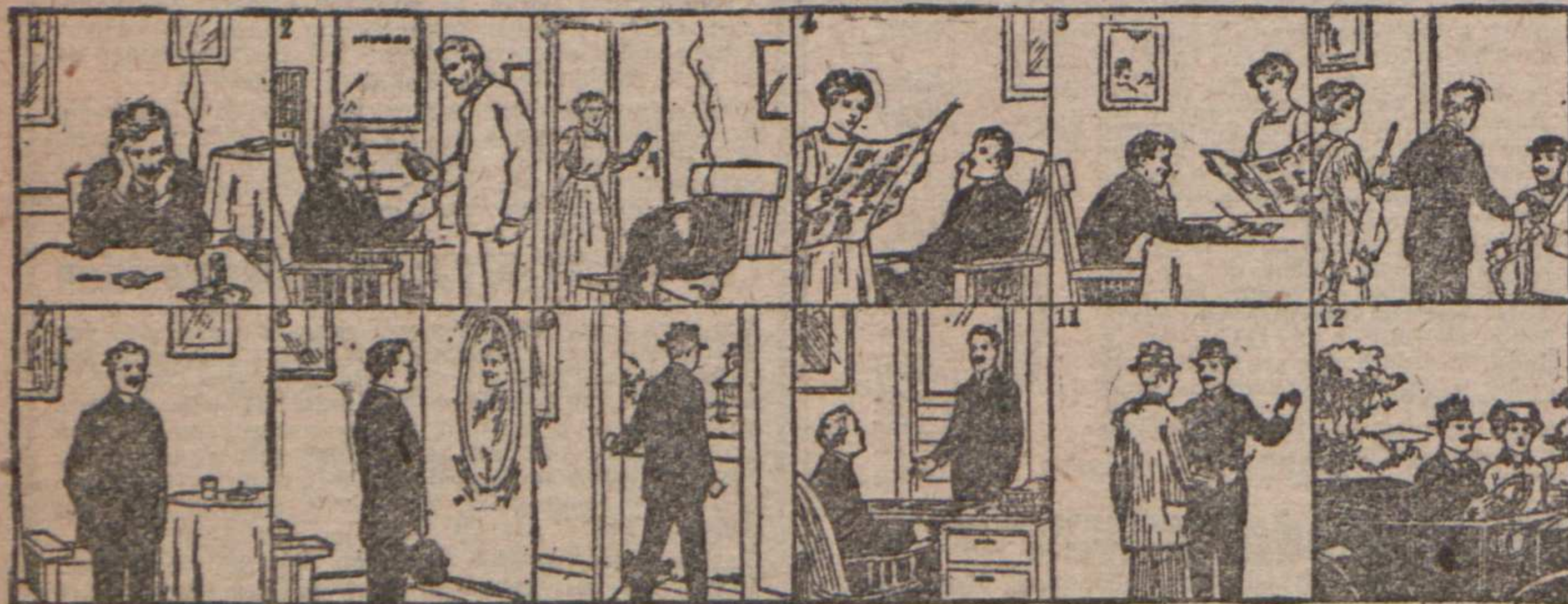
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